YANK

THE ARMY WEEKLY

5¢ AUG. 18
VOL. 3, NO. 9
1944

By the men . . . for the men in the service

A YANK IN RUSSIA

Flying the Shuttle Run to Our Bases in Russia

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Red Army girls and Russian civilians dish out chow to Yanks at a U. S. airbase in the U.S.S.R.

A GI examines Russian sentry's slim bayonet.

Shuttle Run to

Our air war against the Nazis is a three-front war now. B-17s and P-51s fly the triangle between British, Soviet and Italian bases.

By Pvt. HOWARD KATZANDER
YANK Staff Correspondent

ENGLAND [By Cable]—Nobody told the ground crews, but they knew—even before they saw the flyers carrying their bags of toilet articles and clothing—that the Fortress group wasn't coming back in four, six or eight hours.

The group was going to fly the first mission to the new American bases in Russia. Then it was going on to complete the first triangular shuttle raid in history. The route was England to Russia, bombing Germany on the way; Russia to Italy, bombing Poland on the way; Italy back to England, bombing France on the way.

At the 0330 briefing, the flyers had learned that their first target would be the synthetic-oil plant at Ruhland, 50 miles southeast of Berlin. They had been shown photographs and silhouettes of Yaks, the Russian fighter planes that were to meet them at the Soviet border and escort them to their base. And they had emerged from the briefing into a drizzle that made them wonder whether the mission would be scrubbed.

It was a popular mission and everyone wanted to go. As the planes readied for the take-off, there was spirited bidding for "tickets" for the ride—but it was strictly a bull market, plenty of buyers and no sellers.

One by one the planes took off and climbed steadily through the gray clouds until they finally broke out into the clear blue morning, with England invisible below. Then they began to circle and form up for the flight to Russia.

Three hours later and 40 miles to the south, a similar scene took place at a Mustang base, where a group of red-nosed fighters were waiting with fuel tanks and ammunition drums full. Col. Donald Blakeslee, a 26-year-old pilot who joined the RAF in 1940, briefed his group for the 7½-hour trip that he was going to lead personally.

"You'll be at 15,000 feet," he said. "No one will abort for lack of oxygen. You don't need it. If you get dizzy, go down under the bombers for a while."

Just before his take-off, Capt. Frank Jones of Montclair, N. J., waved something brown and fuzzy over his head to the ground crew. It was a teddy bear he'd carried with him on every mission he'd flown from Iceland and England. Capt. Howard (Deacon) Hively, a squadron leader who used to live in Norman, Okla., hitched around his waist the home-made rawhide belt he always wore on missions.

At 0800 the first Mustangs took off, rising to a rendezvous with the Fortresses approaching from the north. For the men in the Mustangs, as it was for most of the men in the Fortresses, the journey into Germany was routine. The Fortress crews caught occasional glimpses of the red noses above them through the white clouds, and occasionally one of the Mustangs would drop down to make sure that everything was going okay.

Flak came up at the expected places and sometimes a curious ME-109 would stop by for inspection, keeping a respectful distance. The red noses and the Fortresses ignored the German fighters. They weren't looking for a fight.

West of Berlin, some of the Fortresses broke off and headed for the German capital. High above them, a group of P-47s that had joined the task force drifted to the left toward Berlin. The bulk of the force continued on its way.

Over Ruhland, a flock of yellow-nosed ME-109s and a sprinkling of FW-190s rose to give battle. The Fortresses headed unswervingly toward the target, dropped their bombs and watched the remains of the synthetic-oil plant heave toward the clouds in a burst of smoke and leaping flame.

But behind the bombardiers and pilots, a battle was going on. T/Sgt. J. A. Zafac, tail gunner on a plane, describes it this way: "An FW-190 came out of the clouds at 5 o'clock and went in toward 6 o'clock at 750 yards. I started firing at the same time, about 200 rounds. My tracers appeared to be going into the German. He seemed to be hit in the engine. The right wing fell off and the remainder of the ship blew up. I saw no chutes."

There were some strangers flying as waist gunners on the Fortresses—men who had never been waist gunners before. They were crew chiefs from the Mustang base, bound for Russia to supervise the servicing of fighters at the new bases.

One of them was M/Sgt. Gerhard Betz of L Angeles, Calif., who holds the Soldier's Medal for pulling a pilot from his burning plane when it crashed on a take-off. "All this was new to me,"

YANK, The Army Weekly, publication issued weekly by Branch Office, Army Information, MSD, War Department, 205 East 42d Street, New York 17, N. Y. Reproduction rights restricted as indicated in the masthead on the editorial page. Entered as second class matter July 6, 1942, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Subscription price $3.00 yearly. Printed in the U. S. A.

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says Betz. "I thought I was going along as a passenger, but after the briefing I was told to get a right waist gun and set it up.

"When the attack came over Ruhland, one 109 came up under our right wing. I let him have a burst, just to let him know I was there, and he swerved off. It's a thrill to be up there as an aerial gunner and see the ships whose engines you've just changed, flying all around and protecting you. Those red-nosed babies are a real bunch, but I'd trade my six stripes now for a permanent job as a Fortress gunner. That's for me."

One of the Fortresses was hit in the engine; a fire started and six or seven men bailed out. But the extinguishers worked and the pilot stayed at the controls until he landed at the Russian base.

SOMEWHERE near the Russian border, a handful of Yaks rose to meet the task force and escort it to bases some miles beyond the front lines. Most of the Fortresses landed at one field but some, together with all the fighters, set down at other landing fields.

The main Fortress base was manned by a mixed crew of Americans and Russians, among them many Russian women. The Americans came from the Eighth Air Force, British-based, and the Fifteenth, Italy-based. They had been brought in, some as far back as March, to set up the new base and train the necessary Russian personnel in servicing American aircraft.

Their mail is flown in to them by Air Transport Command from Teheran, Iran, and comes only when a planeload accumulates, so they were all hungry for news of England and Italy, not to mention news from home. Some of them sent messages to their buddies at their old bases by scratching words in the soft aluminum engine cowling of the Mustangs and on the doors of the Fortresses.

The arrival of the task force was what the newly trained Russian mechanics had been waiting for. They rushed out to meet the planes, unlimbered the guns, chocked the wheels and generally buzzed around and made themselves useful.

"There was a Russian named Chernov," says 2d Lt. Joseph A. Murphy of Brooklyn, N. Y., "who had been wounded three times at the front and assigned to the field for a rest. Imagine working at an airbase for a rest!"

The Americans stationed permanently at the base had already picked up a few words of Russian, and the Russians were learning English by the painful process of identifying by its English name every object they came across. They were particularly careful to learn the nomenclature of the plane parts.

Betz worked with a Russian mechanic whose name was Galbrecht. He spoke German and so did Betz, so they got along well. Naturally enough, the Americans quickly converted "Galbrecht" into "Goldbrick." Betz explained what that meant and the Russian laughed. He liked the name.

"That's the thing about the Russians," says Betz. "They're more like the Americans than any people I've met yet. They've got a good sense of humor. They're talented with tools, quick to learn anything about machinery. Goldbrick was an excellent mechanic. We'd talk German, and then Goldbrick would tell me the Russian name for something and I'd tell him the English name. That way we both learned a little.

"I'd offer him an American cigarette—we'd been told beforehand not to give them things because they had so little and would be unhappy if they couldn't give us something just as nice in return—and he'd make me a Russian cigarette. They make them out of newspaper. He'd go over, tear off a piece of newspaper, trim it down to size and roll me a cigarette with that awful Russian tobacco. Then he'd hold it for me to lick and would seal it for me. And I'd have to smoke it because I didn't want to hurt his feelings.

Men of the Eastern Command, U. S. Strategic Air Forces in Europe, bunk in a tent city in Russia.

"They're amazing people. They can laugh and enjoy everything, even though their whole country is in ruins. You begin to understand what scorched earth really means when you see Russia.

"Their girls are very nice. They have beautiful complexions and some of them are beautifully built. They're healthy and neat. I don't know how they manage to keep so clean. Did we make any headway with the girls? You don't monkey around with people like that. Somehow it just doesn't seem right.

"All the men were impressed by the ruins of Russian cities. There was hardly a building left standing in the city near the base. There was nothing to do, no place to go in town, but you could get plenty of *vodka*, distilled at home out of potato peelings. Every place we went we were offered a drink. The stuff went down easily enough, but it packed a wallop—like white mule."

COL. ARCHIE J. OLD, the task-force commander, got in a very formal drinking bout with some Russian officers. "They were pretty heavy on protocol," he says. "When you drink with them, you down one after another with an appropriate toast for each drink. Luckily we were interrupted by some excitement outside before we'd been drinking long. That was all that saved me from ending up under the table."

Capt. Hively, drinking with another group of officers, whipped off his home-made rawhide leather belt in a sudden burst of friendship and presented it with a flourish to a Russian general. "The general stood up and all his aides stood up," Capt. Hively says. "The general bowed from the

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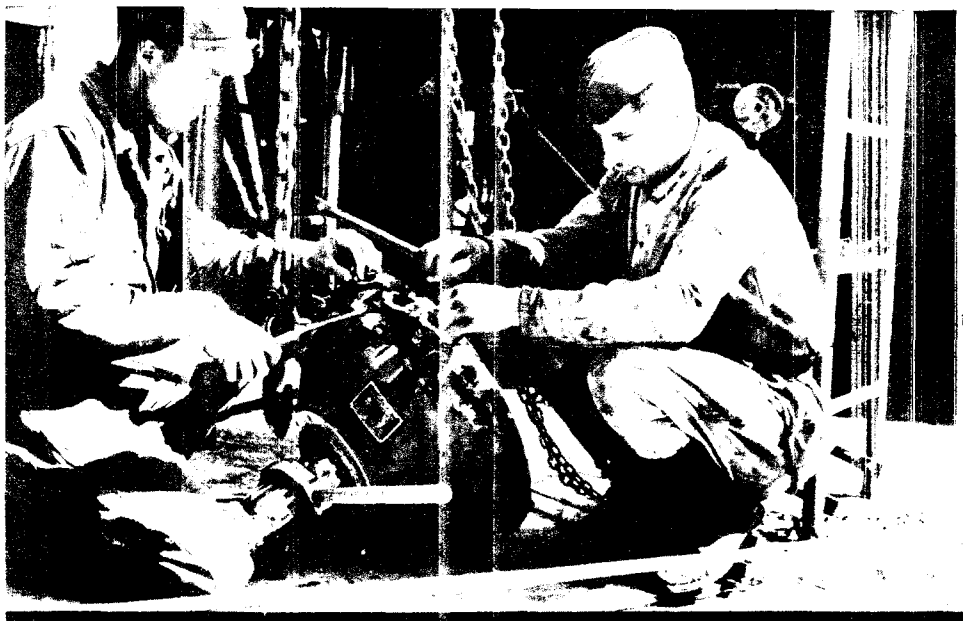
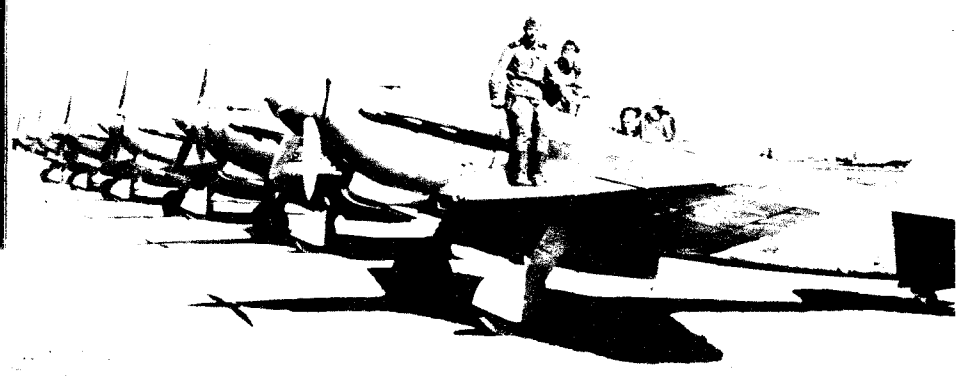


A Russian and an American sergeant work on the propellor hub of one of the U. S. heavy bombers now hitting Germany up and down the shuttle-bombing run.



Russian GIs pose with Yak 9s, Red Army fighter planes. These Yaks, manned by Russian pilots, protect U. S. shuttle-bombers as they near Soviet bases.

waist and his aides bowed from the waist. Then the general whipped off his fine leather belt with a Red Star on the buckle. He kissed the buckle and handed the belt to me with another bow." Hively wore the Russian belt the rest of the trip.

Mess facilities were somewhat primitive. There was a long shed that served as a kitchen. An American mess sergeant presided over the shed, with 10 Russian girls as KPs. The American flyers filled their mess kits at a table outside the kitchen, and ate together—officers and EM—on the ground.

Since March the women KPs had been playing a game with the mess sergeant. He'd tell them to do something and they'd just stand there, shaking their heads as if they didn't understand. So he'd show them, going through all the motions, using a word here and there in explanation. The women would grin and shake their heads and say the Russian for "I don't understand." Finally the exasperated mess sergeant would let go with a screaming torrent of words, and the women would burst out laughing and then go and do the job. They'd understood what he wanted all the time but they liked to see him get mad.

Almost without exception the men were impressed by the Russians they met and worked with during their five days in the city. "They have a certain pride about themselves you've got to respect," says Lt. Elliott Rudenstein of Orange, N. J. "They carry themselves like Americans, with a lot of assurance. We managed to overcome the language barrier. They admired our equipment terrifically."

A number of Russian newspapermen and newsreel cameramen interviewed and photographed the Americans, and there were other Russians around, both from the city and the armed forces. At the fighter base where the Mustangs landed, there were a number of Russian women pilots.

"And we ran into a kid who looked about 12 years old," says Lt. Rex McCarty of Iola, Ill., co-pilot of a Fortress. "They said he was 14 but he didn't look it. He had 21 Germans to his credit. He was a sniper with the guerrillas."

Lt. Donald Jackson of Alton, Ill., says: "Everyone was in uniform—men, women and children. If our people at home took the war as seriously as the Russians do, it would be over in a hurry. The children were different from any we'd ever seen. They were like old men, prematurely aged by war, I guess. They didn't run around asking for gum and candy and things like that. When we offered them candy, they'd pull out a handful of rubles and offer to pay for it."

This area, under German domination only a few months before, was already growing crops to feed the Russians. Jackson saw a great wheatfield that reminded him of the Middle West, and as the Fortress flew in, he saw many people working in the field.

The airbase used by the Americans was one that the Germans had built, and much of the equipment was German-made. Several old German planes still stood around the field. T/Sgt. Clarence Mills of Anderson, Ind., radio operator, tells about examining an ME-110 on the field. "Afterward we found out it was full of booby traps," he says. "That was why the Jerries left it sitting there. We were lucky we weren't blown to bits."

After the first couple of days, when the men wandered about more or less at will, they were restricted, Mills says. "Restricted! You go halfway around the world, and it's just like home. But at least there weren't any MPs."

When the task force left Russia, it set a course for Drohobycz, Poland, where the target was an oil refinery. The weather was CAVU (clear and visibility unlimited) and the target was well-plastered with bombs. There was moderate to intense flak around the target but no enemy aircraft. Then the planes headed southwest and landed at a Fifteenth Air Force base at Foggia, Italy.

The crews found Italy hot and dusty, but there was real American beer (three cans to a man), white bread, raisin bread and ice-cold lemonade at the Red Cross club. They saw "This Is the Army," celebrating its second anniversary.

The men were hot in their heavy clothing. No one had suggested sun-tans, and the weather in Italy was downright uncomfortable. Even the Ukraine had been much warmer than England.

As a kind of busman's holiday, the shuttle crews had the chance to go on two missions with the Fifteenth. They seemed ridiculously easy to these men who had been pushing through walls of flak in northern France and Germany for so many months. The bombers went out to Arad, Rumania, where they laid down a very nice pattern of bombs across the railroad marshaling yards, and the fighters attacked an oil refinery at Budapest, Hungary.

On one of these missions, Capt. Jones, with his teddy bear in the cockpit beside him, shot down two ME-109s. And Capt. Hively, wearing his Russian general's belt with the Red Star on the buckle, got three others before the fourth knocked off his canopy, inflicting a nasty bruise that almost put out his right eye.

They tossed Hively into the hospital at Foggia, and Col. Blakeslee ordered him to stay put until his injury healed. But Hively wasn't going to sit back while the rest of the fighter group finished the mission. Two of his pals smuggled him out of the hospital the night before they were to leave Italy. He was on the line in a Mustang when the fighters took off and flew back with the task force, and he made out okay in spite of the patch over his eye. The first Col. Blakeslee knew anything about the deal was when he turned around at the Officers' Club bar the following day and saw Hively, the patch already removed and the eye beginning to heal.

On the way back, the Fortresses made a slight detour to drop a bomb load on the marshaling yards at Bezier, in southern France. There was no opposition, either from flak or fighters. Some of the bombers made a dry run over the target, weighing the advantages of this angle against that one. Then, after a careful choice of the best approach, they dropped their load smack on the target. It was the same situation all the way back from Bezier—no flak, no enemy planes, a real milk-run home.

Back at base, Col. Old added up the score: "We hit five targets, every one smack on the nose. We lost one bomber on the way over and got maybe 10 or 12 enemy fighters. We've proved there is no spot in Germany or German-occupied Europe that we can't hit, and no places our bombers can go that Mustangs can't support them. We've done it once and we'll do it again."

Lt. Gen. Ira C. Eaker, CO of Mediterranean Allied Air Forces, is welcomed to Russia by group of Red Army officers and U. S. Ambassador Averell Harriman.

The first U. S. combat planes to land in Russia on a mission are Forts of the shuttle-bombing group. Here some of them peel off to come in to their base.

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Sniper Killer

On the rifle of this Regular Army platoon sergeant are 22 notches. They represent dead Nazis. Soon there will be more of them.

By Sgt. WALTER PETERS
YANK Staff Correspondent

WITH U. S. FORCES IN FRANCE [By Cable]—"It's a beautiful country. Wonderful for snipers, though. From now on, we don't call anybody by rank. It's first names, from the Old Man down. Snipers may be nearby. They like to pick off the leaders."

T/Sgt. Frank Kwiatek, a heavy-weapons platoon sergeant who's spent 27 of his 46 years in the Army, was doing the talking. We passed a reserve company where some of the men were taking a bath out of their helmets while others wrote letters or cleaned weapons.

Up ahead there was a clearing in the hedges. We walked through it, crossed another field and reached another opening in the hedges on the other side. "All those openings were made by machine-gun fire," Kwiatek said.

As we walked up toward the front lines, Kwiatek's eyes darted from trees to hedges and back to trees again, like a hunter looking for a wild animal. "I got a sniper right up in that tree last week," he said. "I guess we have them all cleaned up now, but you never can tell. I'm not taking any chances."

A little later Kwiatek sat down on the ground, pulled out his knife and began cutting a notch in his rifle. "Might as well do this while I have the time," he said. There were 21 notches already and he was cutting the 22d. "Three more to go and I'll have settled the promise I made when they killed my brother Ted. Then I'll kill 25 more for my brother Jerry. After that I'm going to kill as many Germans as I can, because I hate the whole Nazi system."

Kwiatek was in Northern Ireland with his platoon when his brother Ted, a 21-year-old tank gunner, was killed in Sicily. Kwiatek swore before the men of his platoon that he'd get 25 Germans to avenge his brother's death. Several weeks later another brother, 19-year-old Jerry, was killed in Italy, and Kwiatek vowed to kill another 25 Germans.

So far he's killed 20 with his rifle and two with hand grenades. And he's probably killed "another dozen" with a tommy gun, but he doesn't count them because "when I kill a German, I like to look right into his eyes. I like to see him drop. When he drops, I can almost see my brothers smiling at me. I like shooting snipers especially; they're so sneaky." (Nineteen of the 22 notches represent snipers.)

KWIATEK shot his first Germans on June 10 when a sniper stopped the progress of his outfit at a crossroad near Cerisy La Foret. After a number of men had been killed and wounded, the company commander asked for a volunteer to eliminate the sniper. Kwiatek volunteered.

He prowled through the woods until he was 25 yards to the rear of the sniper, hidden behind a road marker. The sergeant was just getting ready to shoot the German when he spotted another sniper in a tree about 50 yards to his right. "I shot the sniper in the tree first and then exterminated the one behind the marker."

The sniper in the tree taught Kwiatek a lesson. "I decided that from then on I was going to watch every tree, every bush and every hedge."

A few minutes later the outfit passed the crossroad, with Kwiatek trailing behind his platoon to give rear protection. "I saw the hedges moving slightly. It was a little windy that day but the wind was blowing from the other direction, so I became suspicious. I tiptoed toward the hedge and saw a German. 'Hey,' I yelled, and when he turned to face me with his rifle ready in his hands, I let go. He keeled over backward. He was a goner—just another dead German. Later I discovered he was a captain in the German paratroop corps."

Kwiatek prides himself on being a scientific sniper hunter. "To kill snipers," he said, "you must use your head. But that doesn't mean you should stick your head over hedges, where the squareheads can take Coney Island potshots at you. I always tell my men to keep their heads down, but sometimes fellows forget. Then I can't tell them anything any more. It's too late."

Once when one of Kwiatek's men stuck his head above the hedges to shoot, a sniper got him square through the head. "His brains splattered all over my face," Kwiatek said. "I was never so sick in my life.

"Rogers (Pfc. Floyd Rogers of Rising Star, Tex.) and I decided we were going to get that sniper. I told Rogers to take the dead man's helmet and hold it up over the hedge after I gave a signal. I walked 40 yards away and then signaled. As soon as the helmet went up, the sniper began shooting and gave away his position. Then I signaled to Rogers to lift the helmet again in another position. When he did, I saw the Hun's helmet come up from behind a tree, then his shoulders. Then I let him have it. All it took was one shot. Those bastards don't give you more than one shot."

KWIATEK, the oldest enlisted man in his outfit, spent 19 months as a machine gunner in France in the last war. He's been in the same platoon since 1924 and became platoon sergeant in 1940. His daughter is a captain in the Army's Nurse Corps in Italy.

Kwiatek's men call him "Hard Tack Murphy," a name he used as a welterweight fighter in the Army in the early 30s. "He's a damn good platoon sergeant," said Pfc. James W. Justus of Key West, Fla. "The only trouble is, he wants to finish off the war by himself. Every time I see him, he's looking at a tree. He's going to be a very sad man when the war is over and there are no more snipers to kill."

VERY VERY

CHINA—Back in Oklahoma I knew a boy who used to say everything twice. Ask Hazlitt how he was feeling, and he'd say: "I'm feeling fine. I'm feeling fine."

Ask him whether it would rain, and he'd say: "If it don't rain, it'll be a long dry spell. Yessir, if it don't rain, it'll be a long dry spell."

"Everything Hazlitt says," Eller Ardrey used to remark, "he makes a carbon copy of it." And Ben Holland thought Hazlitt would be a successful advertising man, "because he believes in repetition."

The other day I ran across Hazlitt out here. "Hazlitt," I asked, "how are you doing?" And he said: "I am doing all right. I am doing all right."

"Are you getting plenty to eat?" "Plenty to eat. Plenty to eat."

"How do you feel about water-buffalo meat?"

"I like it." His face blanched. His cheeks expanded. He almost exploded. But even Hazlitt couldn't say *that* twice. —Pvt. CAL TINNEY
YANK Field Correspondent

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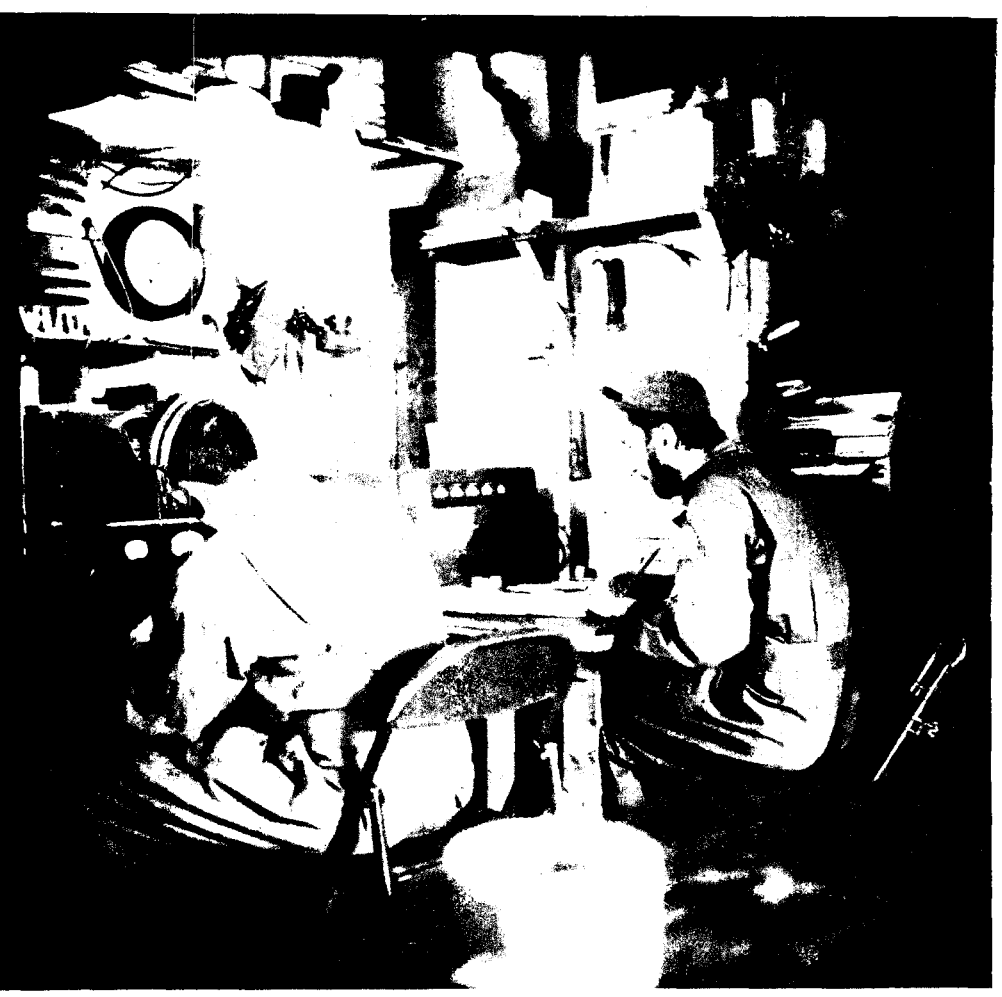
ERUPTION ON JINX ISLAND

Nothing ever happened on the lonely Aleutian weather outpost where five men kept watch. Then Old Tom blew his top.



SGT. FRED PURCHASE SNAPPED THIS PICTURE OF THE INTERIOR OF SPAM SHACK NOT LONG BEFORE HE VANISHED.

By Cpl. JOHN HAVERSTICK
YANK Staff Correspondent

UMNAK, THE ALEUTIANS — When a snow-covered volcano suddenly blew its top on Chuginadak Island in June, four of the five men on the lonely Aleutian outpost were rotated back to their base at Umnak a month ahead of schedule. The fifth man never returned.

After three men of the island's previous garrison had died of exposure in a heavy winter storm, the new five-man crew took over in March. Two of them had been specially trained at the Arctic Training School, Buckley Field, Colo., for this isolated duty—Sgt. Alec Alcantara of Portland, Oreg., radioman, and Sgt. William Bigger of Chapel Hill, N. C., weatherman.

The other newcomers were Sgt. Fred Purchase of Holland, Mich., weatherman and ex-boxer, trapper and fisherman; Pfc. Kenneth L. Pitsenberger of Lead, S. Dak., radioman, and Pfc. Billy J. Cotten of Commerce, Tex., cook.

Chuginadak, or Jinx Island as they later called it, lies about 70 miles by water from the nearest base. It is about 13 miles long by 5 miles wide, and except for Old Tom, as the men nicknamed volcanic Mount Cleveland, was entirely uninhabited. No barge reached the island for two months after the last of the replacements arrived.

During this time a storm cooped them up in their small shack for two solid weeks; they were together so long that one whole day passed in which they didn't speak to one another. They discovered they all had developed a common taste for onions and used them to season everything they ate after that.

They also agreed upon names for the fox trails on the island, which they learned to know as well as they could ever know the streets of a city. Miramar Drive led along the cliffs beside the Pacific; Pompton Turnpike, wide and fairly direct, ran up the mountains behind them, and the doubtful supply line leading to the beach was Burma Road. Their quarters were, naturally enough, Spam Shack.

Even when rations did arrive, the station crew invariably ran out of fresh meat within two weeks. But because they wanted to watch the foxes in their natural state, they made a law against shooting the animals and kept it in force even after one of the rascals stole Bigger's only pair of heavy wool socks from the clothesline.

Their garden later in the season, they admit, was a failure. Since the wild strawberries and cranberries were not particularly tasty, they decided to plant dried GI beans, but unfortunately every one of the beans rotted in the ground.

So they begged in their letters home for practical recipes for cooking the wild duck, geese and ptarmigan they found on Chuginadak. They also caught rock cod, sea bass and shellfish. Alcantara and Purchase even finished a 200-yard gang line with 50 hooks on it just the day before Old Tom erupted.

The two men were planning to hike to the top of the peak on the first clear day. It had been agreed that two men would be free to do what they liked every other day if the weather was good.

ON the morning of June 10 Alcantara, who was on observations from 0600 to 0700, noticed during a lift in the fog that Old Tom was belching darker smoke than usual. He mentioned this at breakfast, but by that time Bigger, who had taken over, could see nothing because the peak was overcast again. It was almost 1000 hours when Bigger ran into the shack to report that smoke and steam were rising from the southern slope of the mountain below a fog line of about 1,500 feet.

Purchase had already set out for the day with his rifle and a ration pack, the kind they all carried on hikes. Alcantara and Cotten, with a camera, tried to overtake Purchase a little later. They trailed him for about two miles down the beach to the foot of the rumbling peak, past broken rocks that were steaming hot and as large as the stoves in quonsets. In places, however, the two men could easily jump the narrow flows that were in their path. They figured that Purchase had passed this way earlier, but they did not overtake him and finally turned back.

The two had retraced their steps only about a quarter of a mile when a 50-foot wall of lava and mud rushed over the spot where they had stood a few minutes before, dashed down to the beach and splashed into the sea. When they reached Spam Shack, they found it had been badly shaken.

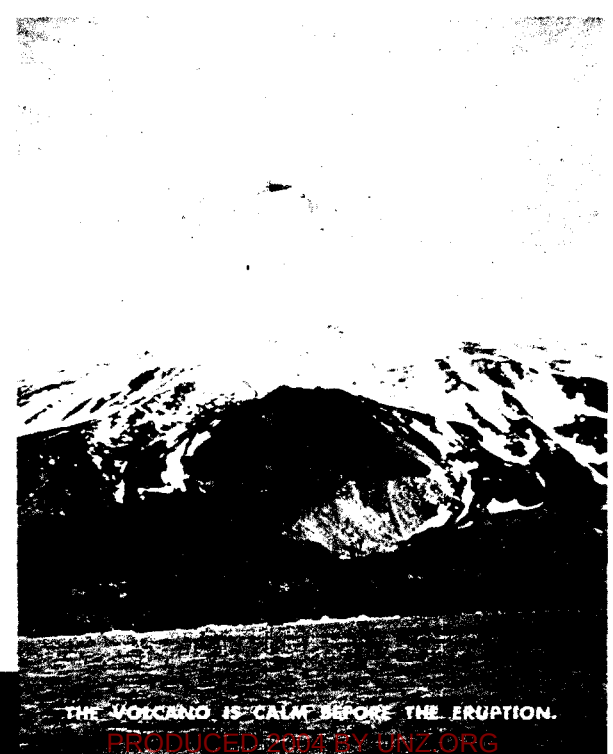
All that night the men fired a Very gun every hour and watched for any return signal from Purchase. Once Bigger searched for the lost man. The others wired to their base for a rescue vessel and received orders to stay in the shack. By midnight the whole mountaintop was ringed in flame like a brush fire.

Old Tom's snow had been cleanly shaved off by the next morning when the crash boat *P-141*, captained by T/Sgt. August W. Templeton of Sacramento, Calif., arrived with a searching party to look for Purchase. While the boat whistled its way for 10 miles around the island, the crew watched the coast with binoculars. Meanwhile the landing party explored the island's caves.

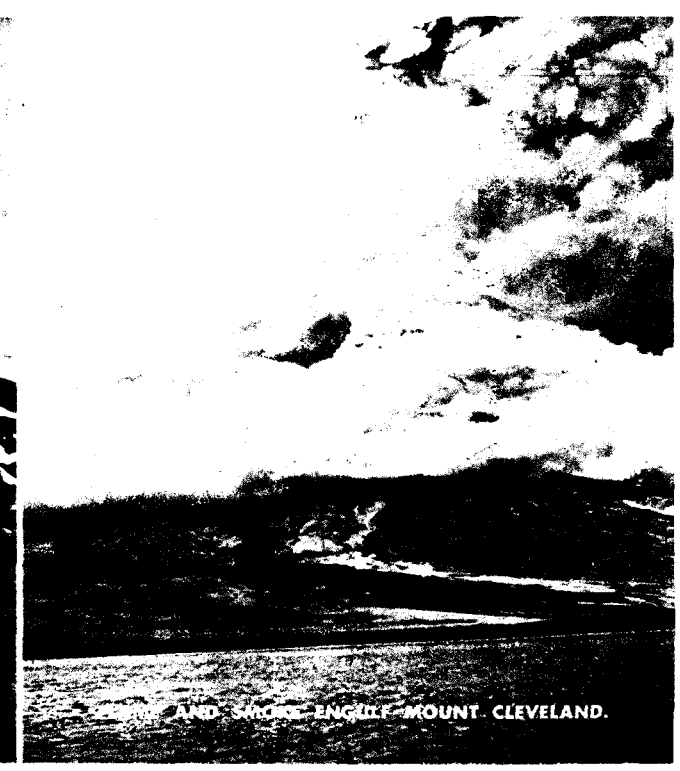
TWICE during its first search, the *P-141* snapped its anchor in the rough sea. Its crew consisted of S/Sgt. Alexander F. Johansen of Kenai, Alaska; Cpl. Evangeles P. Kalafatis of New York, N. Y.; T/Sgt. Joseph J. Kowalczyk of Three Rivers, Mass.; Cpl. Stephen J. Paladie of St. Paul, Minn.; Pvt. Stanley K. Malmedal; S/Sgt. Darrell M. Ray of Coffeyville, Kans.; T-5 Lawrence M. Janiak of Racine, Wis.; Sgt. Forrest G. Hansen of Des Moines, Iowa; Cpl. Lorentz O. Peterson of Boston, Mass.; Cpl. John R. Jager of Kodiak, Alaska; Cpl. Robert G. Smyth of Oakland, Calif.; Cpl. Louis D. Driscoll of Beloit, Wis.; Pvt. Charles I. Berg of Petersburg, Alaska; Pfc. Warren H. Hall of Gould City, Mich., and Pfc. George E. Mather of Ketchikan, Alaska.

Lt. A. R. Peracca of Crockett, Calif., led the land searching party, composed of Sgt. Thomas V. Orsini of Albany, N. Y.; Pfc. Helmut P. Schurer of Philadelphia, Pa., and Pvt. William H. Riley of Anchorage, Alaska.

When the *P-141* departed after the first search with the outpost's four survivors, rations were left behind for Purchase in Spam Shack in case he returned. But two weeks later, the searching party went back and found the food untouched.



THE VOLCANO IS CALM BEFORE THE ERUPTION.



[illegible] AND SMOKE ENGULF MOUNT CLEVELAND.

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Yanks At Home Abroad

Saipan Scrapbook

SAIPAN, THE MARIANAS—Now that organized Jap resistance has ended on this island, men who have been in the lines for many days have time to compare "horror stories."

When a Jap charged the trench occupied by Pfc. William F. Cochrane of Miami, Fla., a marine, bullets from Cochrane's gun and from that of Pfc. Paul W. Aronne of Mattapan, Mass., hit the Jap in the leg and twice in the groin without stopping him. Then Cochrane bayonetted the Jap in the thigh and finished him off with a saber he had picked up earlier. "He lay in my foxhole all night," Cochrane says, "and his horn-rimmed glasses were still on next morning."

A Jap charged another trench with a grenade in his hand. The GI in the hole looked down for a moment, and just at that second an antitank shell clipped the Jap's head completely off. When the soldier looked again, there was a headless Jap, arms waving wildly, headed straight for his hole. The Jap fell in beside him, flopped around a bit and then became quiet.

Crouched in his trench one night, Pvt. Leroy Fessenden of Binghamton, N. Y., saw something fly through the air and felt it hit him between the eyes. Fessenden quickly rolled out of his hole, figuring the missile was a Jap grenade. But when it failed to explode, he crawled back into the trench. His hand touched something soft, warm and wet. "It was the lower jaw of a Jap," Fessenden says. "Teeth on one side and straggly, black whiskers on the other."

At 2356 hours, four minutes before Pfc. James L. Reeves of Chattanooga, Tenn., would end the celebration of his 18th birthday, the young marine was taking it easy in a pit beside his mortar. His head was resting on 30 rounds of ammo piled up along the side of the position. Suddenly a Jap shell landed two feet from Reeves and blew him out of the hole and up on the open ground a dozen feet away. "I thought I'd lost a leg," he says, "but when my leg came back to life I was okay." The 30 mortar shells? They were blown many yards away and never exploded.

—Sgt. LARRY McMANUS
YANK Staff Correspondent

Jack Benny makes music for [illegible] while [illegible] of a 1950 [illegible] look and listen.

BOYS MEET GIRLS. While shapely Claude Candis and laughing Martha Tilton (who warbled with Benny Goodman's band) pose with GIs in New Guinea, Jack Benny helps himself to an armful of Wacs.

Rotation Lottery

CASABLANCA, NORTH AFRICA—No Irish sweepstakes was ever watched more closely than the drawing the GIs of a squadron hold here.

Under the rotation plan in effect in this theater, one man from the subdepot squadron at the Air Transport Command base is allowed to return to the States each month. The squadron CO, something of a Solomon, leaves the choice to fate.

On the last day of each month, the names of all the GIs in the squadron are tossed into a hat, each man putting in 50 *francs* along with his name. The lucky winner of the drawing not only goes on rotation but takes along the collection of 50-*franc* notes, about $200 worth, for spending money.

—YANK Field Correspondent

This Week's Cover

AT one of our new shuttle-bombing airbases in Russia, S/Sgt. R. E. Robinson of Huntington, W. Va., examines the starred rank insignia of a Red Army woman lieutenant. For the story of American and U.S.S.R. soldiers working and living together in the shuttle-bombing operation, turn to page 2.

PHOTO CREDITS. Cover, 2, 3 & 4—Eastern Command. USSTAF. 6—Upper, Sgt. Fred Purchase; lower, Sgt. Henry Laughlin. 7—Sgt. Dick Hanley. 8 & 9—Sgt. Dillon Ferris. 12 & 13—Upper center, Acme; all others, Cpl. Joe Cunningham. 15—AAF. 18—Upper left, Second Air Force, Colorado Springs, Colo.; center left, Sgt. Bob Ghio; lower left, PRO, Fort Bragg, N. C. 19—Upper right, WW; center right, PRO, Sioux Falls AAF, S. Dak.; lower left, Infantry School, Fort Benning, Ga.; lower right, PRO, Harlingen AAF, Tex. 20—20th Century-Fox. 23—Upper, PA; lower, Acme.

Fig Newton Poker

NORTHERN IRAN—Poker travels all over in this global war and in its travels undergoes some strange changes. Not the least strange of these twists to the ancient game occurs in a God-forsaken post in Iran. Here dogfaces, finding money of no value except for the curios they've all bought six months before, play for chips of a different color.

"I was tryin' to get in a game the other night," griped a transient corporal from a trucking outfit, "but I gave up. They were playin' as nice as anything—Spit in the Ocean it was, I noticed as I came into the barracks. Then they changed to draw and I heard the dealer shout: 'Fig Newtons twice to ante!'

"I stopped a minute on that and listened and watched. Sure enough, I saw a corporal with two jacks nudge a couple of packages of Fig Newtons across the board. After the rest had ante-ed, he pushed out two more packages. The guy on his left raised him a carton of Cheese Tid-Bits. I began to worry.

"The rest of the players, except a tired engineer from road construction with four, trey, seven, nine and a king, kept up. Two Fig Newtons apiece and a box of Cheesies.

"The bird who opened had jacks and it was draw. He pulled another jack, the last one, and pushed two packs of chewing gum and a PX jock strap into the pot. These were high stakes.

"His only takers were two pairs—sixes and treys—and a hopeful bluffer with a pair of kings unimproved by the draw. The kings, in an excess of enthusiasm, tossed two added penholders across the table. This was a challenge to battle.

"Honest, I couldn't keep up with it from there. Every time I looked there was new hardware on the table. I noticed Life Savers and Necco Wafers and lead that wouldn't fit any automatic pencil in the command and old copies of a *Manual For Courts Martial* and odds and ends of Iranian art work and GI buttons and Russian insignia and a solitary can of tomato juice.

"Tempers were getting short when the jacks called with a bottle of bluing and some Iron Glue. The straight and the kings followed and the straight, of course, took the pot. He raked in a combination of dry goods that would stock a small-town store till Kingdom Come. He leaned back with a satisfied look on his kisser and, since it was his deal, offered the cards to the ex-king man to cut.

"This was my cue, as an old poker merchant from Steubenville to New Orleans, to move in and show my mastery of the art.

" 'Could a man get into this game with money?' I asked confidently.

" 'Money?' said the straight. 'What's that?'

" 'Money?' said the kings. 'You must be crazy.'

" 'Money?' said the jacks. 'How long you been in Iran, bub?'

"As I went back to the bedful of blankets you need in the mountains here, even in summer, I realized that it is possible to stay in Iran too long. When I had waved that honest-to-goodness U. S. five-dollar bill in front of their faces, I hadn't impressed them.

" 'We don't even play for native money here any more,' they said. 'Where do you get off with that foreign stuff?' "

—YANK Staff Correspondent

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Guadalcanal GOES GARRISON

Retreat on Guadalcanal is nowadays strictly spit-and-polish with a brass band to blare the anthem.

Vegetables grow on battlefields, you get gigged for not saluting and there are 150 theaters. The men who fought there two years ago wouldn't know the place.

By Sgt. BARRETT McGURN
YANK Staff Correspondent

GUADALCANAL—The two years since the Marines splashed ashore here in America's first offensive of the second World War have brought a lot of changes. The sad truth, chums, is that Guadalcanal has gone garrison.

According to one story going the rounds, seven enlisted men in a bomber crew were turned in to their orderly room after a raid on Rabaul. One crew member was charged with having a light beard as the ship laid its lethal eggs, and others were picked up for wearing baseball caps and sweat shirts. Whether the yarn is true (and one fellow insists he was one of the seven), there is no doubt Guadalcanal is going strictly GI.

Where men once lived in comfortable foxhole sloppiness, barracks cots are now primped above rows of shoes shined like shaving mirrors. Saluting, once banned because it was a dead giveaway to snipers, is now compulsory at many 'Canal camps. You have reveille, retreat, manual of arms, close-order drill and inspections. On this damp rock inspections are particularly painful because a rifle cleaned Friday night is likely to be rusty Saturday morning unless it is coated overnight with oil so heavy you'll get gigged if you don't find time to clean it off.

Those popular Guadalcanal mixed-uniform styles—fatigue hat with sun-tan suit, or fatigue pants with sun-tan shirt—are now forbidden. And at Service Command Headquarters Company, the voice of the first sergeant may be heard of an evening driving the company out to police up the area—in the dark, of course.

Henderson Field, the Jap-built airport where some of the earliest Jap-American fighting took place, might remind you now of the Penn Station in Pittsburgh when you see Red Cross girls serving free coffee and doughnuts from their trailer to the boys. There are now nearly 200 white women here—the Red Cross girls, Army and Navy nurses and New Zealanders. Stunned delight greeted the first of them a few months ago, but now there are grumbles from such characters as the truck drivers, who have to wear shorts when they give themselves and their trucks a simultaneous bath in the Malimbu River.

Many a GI arriving from the States still has a vague idea that he will soon be engaged in brisk hand-to-hand bayonet duels with the Japs. Instead, he learns that not a Jap has been seen for more than a year, although occasional rumors come through that a few are still up in the hills.

Rather than a primitive jungle beach, the GI newcomer finds a bustling civilization of a sort. Two piers for oceangoing ships run out from the black volcanic sand, and offshore lie so many ships that Guadalcanal now rates as one of the great American seaports.

On land the GI finds more than 200 miles of roads, some of them much busier than Main Street on Saturday night back home—so busy, in fact, that one chaplain never travels except between 1200 and 1300 hours and 1700 and 1800 hours. At these times the roads empty magically while the drivers chow up. Overhead the GI sees some of the 4,500 miles of telephone wire that are strung on poles on the 'Canal. And if he looks around he'll find other unwarlike facilities.

At a spot where patrols once encountered Japs, there is now a pleasant sun-bathed farm, which will soon cover 2,500 acres (nearly four square miles) and increase its daily production of a ton of fresh vegetables to 15 tons. The 'Canal also has a lumber camp that turns out more than seven miles of board a day.

As late as January 1943, Jap artillery pieces hidden in the hills shelled one area. Now there is a gravel quarry here, with two 40-ton gasoline shovels keeping 100 trucks busy every day running to airfield and road-repair projects.

Where the battle of Tenaru raged some three months after the first landings by the Marines there now stand two laundries that wash up to 20 tons of clothes daily.

There is an ice-cream plant that turns out 200 quarts a day—vanilla, chocolate and strawberry. Each Army outfit gets its turn, provided it picks up its allotment. Across the road from the plant is a rubber grove where the Marines maintained an important bivouac area during the fighting.

Running these States-like projects are GIs, many of whom have never seen a Jap. "This is the last thing I ever thought I'd be doing on Guadalcanal" is a frequent comment. True to Army tradition, some like it this way, some don't.

PFC. James W. (Slim) Litton of Shreveport, La., foreman of one of two parts of the vegetable farm, feels half-and-half about his job. He is stormed with applications from other ex-farmers who would like to trade rifles for rakes, and he is aware that the only GI element in the soldier-farmers' lives is their mess hall. There are no Army calls. When the ground is dry, the 60 EM get up with the sun and plow until dusk, just as they would as civilians. When it rains they work on their equipment, which, by the way, is so excellent that, according to Slim, "a poor man couldn't look at it" in the States.

It does his farmer's heart good for Slim to see the miracles of the Guadalcanal earth, which must be among the most fertile in the world. The farmers picked 3,500 watermelons off two acres; one of the melons weighed 60 pounds. Corn grows fast. There is a standard joke that you must jump back when you plant it or the stalk will hit you in the eye. Two months after planting you may have 18,000 ears per acre ready for the chow line. The farm's crops are valued at several million dollars, thanks to the GIs, the fuzzy-headed natives who help them and the civilian experts from the Foreign Economic Administration who give them technical advice.

Still Slim has a gripe. "I felt better in the Infantry," he says. "More exercise. If we wasn't climbing a hill, we was fixing to climb one."

THE 40 lumberjacks here have the same sort of professional amazement for the marvels of Guadalcanal. But they reserve the right to register a minor gripe or two.

Two-man teams—like the Californians, Pfc. Walter Shipman of Silverado and Pvt. Henry Alexander of Wilmington—chop down 8 to 12 jungle giants a day, trees averaging 150 feet in height. Just as Slim's domain might be part of the Pennsylvania farmland, so the island's jungle lumber camp resembles the Oregon woods, with the cry of "Tim-ber!" echoing through the forest. The yell is not a gag, for an instant after it is heard there is a crack, a hesitant crinkling far overhead and then a final shuddering crash as the tree collapses like a KOd heavyweight.

Winding through the jungle with its wearying tangle of "wait a minute" vines, you find Shipman and Alexander already at work lopping branches from their victim and brushing red ants from their glistening sweat-drenched backs.

The GI lumberjacks admire the 'Canal timber for its hardness and quality. There is a lot of mahogany, teak and rosewood, and some rubber. Some trees are so hard that axes bounce right off, Alexander says. "I don't know what they are," he says. "Some of this wood I never saw in my life before." But no matter how tough the tree, Alexander and Shipman usually get it down in about half an hour, even when the trunk is four feet thick. The wood here is of such good quality that, according to a latrine rumor, the wood in one crude little 'Canal bridge would be worth $1,000,000 to furniture manufacturers.

S/Sgt. Lad Belehrad of Yonkers, N. Y., the "timber cruiser" whose job is hunting for good lumbering sites in the jungle, says he and some of the others are so impressed that they're considering remaining on the 'Canal after the war. In five months, he says, a man could make enough to take it easy for the rest of the year.

But the lumberjacks gripe about the stifling 'Canal jungle, one of the hottest places on earth to swing an axe or push a saw. There is also so much shrapnel imbedded in the trees that teeth are often ripped out of saws. Among the many jungle mysteries is a strange tree whose inky black sap raises a blister on the skin that lands GI lumbermen in the hospital.

At the gravel pit T-4 John Childs of Jefferson,

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Tex., member of a Negro Engineer regiment, has been running a shovel for eight months. He has no kicks at all. Ever since he was a little kid and hung around the trucks his father worked on, Childs has loved heavy equipment.

IN population Guadalcanal is now the equal of many leading American cities. That means, there are odd jobs here no GI ever dreamed of when he got that letter from the draft board.

At the spot where Carlson's Raiders left the perimeter and made their bloody sortie into Jap territory in the hills above Henderson, there stands a station hospital PX where Pfc. Orval Hjermstad works full time as a soda jerk. "I'll never do this when I go back," says Hjermstad, a mechanic in civilian life from Wallace, S. Dak. "Too much work. I twisted out 1,882 nickel cokes in one day." But he prefers soda-jerking to his experiences with the Infantry on Munda.

Four GIs on the 'Canal do nothing but repair musical instruments. Live music is popular here, but few places on earth are harder on music-making devices. Cases mold, wood instruments come unglued, ants destroy gut strings, and the wire strings that are generally substituted rust in three days to three weeks even when vaselined. Most wood instruments have to be wired and bracketed together, which is just too bad for the tone. Electric-light bulbs are kept burning day and night inside pianos to keep the felt dry, but retuning is necessary once a week. One morning a drummer found a rat had eaten through one head of his drum and out the other.

The repair work on musical instruments goes on only a few yards from where the Japs had one of their main gasoline burial pits. Their plan was to protect the fuel from bombs and bullets. The idea worked so well that the fuel was ready for our use when we captured the area.

Pianos aren't the only things that are kept dry with electric-light bulbs. Unit armories keep .45s dry that way, and Finance had to do the same thing with the piles of cash in its safe; even dollar bills were mildewing. Incidentally, Finance has other troubles with its bills. Crap games are rough on money. Each month Finance has to ship $50,000 worth of paper money back to Washington to be destroyed.

The 'Canal has a full-time boxing promoter, Sgt. John Williams, former Chicago Golden Gloves welterweight champ, whose Saturday-night fights, staged near the place where the Japs had one of their big Lunga supply depots, draw up to 14,000 yowling patrons.

Williams finds that a lot of well-known Stateside fighters, now GIs, don't like to fight in these latitudes because the heat is so exhausting. Bouts have to be held to three 1½ minute rounds. Just the same he has put together a good stable: Coxswain Bob Foxworth of Sandusky, Ohio, AAU light-heavy champ last year; Cpl. Leroy Evans, 220-pounder who was Max Baer's sparring partner and who is hard to match; Marines Moe and Harvey Weiss, twins from the Bronx, N. Y.; Cpl. Petie Mateo, who fought Small Montana unsuccessfully for the world bantamweight title, and

Even the natives know hitchhiking signals.

Garvey Young, Marine, who beat Freddie Cochrane, welterweight champ, in a nontitle fight.

Pfc. Needom Langley of Spring Hope, N. C., one of the 'Canal's full-time chauffeurs, figures he has clocked 15,000 miles up and down the island in his eight months here, even though most of the driving is along a 20-mile stretch from Kukum to Koli. Guadalcanal is 100 miles long, most of it still primitive bush with some natives wearing grass skirts—items that are only tourist bait on many another South Sea isle.

Guadalcanal has a full-time paper-storage clerk, Cpl. Byron D. Gilmore of La Crescenta, Calif. In his warehouse he has 35 million sheets in one tarpaulin-covered pile 17 feet high. In another pile are 10 million sheets of bond paper.

One of the former Jap hospitals used to stand near this warehouse, and for a long time QM's stock of shoes and uniforms was stored there. The building has been destroyed. "Tojo's Ice House," down the road, is also out of commission, but for many months it supplied sweltering American troops with several dozen two-foot cakes of ice a day. A Jap generator still helps light a large part of Henderson Field.

Bridge rebuilding is also in the island's catalogue of unusual GI occupations. Flash floods, pouring down from the mountains—some of which are a mile and a half high—will raise a stream 12 feet in 12 hours and knock out the piles under bridges by hurling big trees against them. Some bridges have had to be replaced three times in a year. A new system of ponton bridges is eliminating much of the piling, however, and the bridges are lasting longer.

Even art has arrived here. T-4 William Simpson, a sculptor in civilian life, was transferred from his mule pack-howitzer outfit after he created a model for a monument to the Guadalcanal dead. Washington officials are considering the model, a seated symbolic figure, and if it is approved, Simpson will direct the project. It will be 30 feet high. Meanwhile Simpson has been assigned to the Lunga Art Academy, a woodshed operated by Special Service where GIs may pick up art materials free or do their sketching and painting in privacy and quiet.

GUADALCANAL is so quiet now that its very peace is the main complaint. "You might say we liked Guadalcanal a lot better when the bombs were dropping," said a lieutenant.

A captain agreed. "When the Japs were here," he said, "there wasn't any coke or ice, but it was a lot more interesting. In January a year ago, when three or four days passed without a raid, the men would say: 'I hope there'll be a raid tonight—a little excitement.' Now this retreat every night; it's chicken."

"The hardest part of the war," observed a major, "is just sitting around doing nothing."

Many of the Guadalcanal troops do rear-echelon work, servicing combat men farther north, and some truck and duck drivers put in 12 hours on many days. But there is almost always time to kill.

Some of the men are using it to study. There are correspondence courses in bookkeeping, accounting, physics, math, Diesel engines, mechanics and refrigeration. And there are face-to-face classes in shorthand, grammar and geography.

But the favorite time killers are the movies. The 'Canal has 150 theaters, many of them just coconut logs or oil drums in front of an outdoor screen. Audiences have been known to sit through an inch of rainfall to see a grade-C picture. What the theaters lack in roofs and soft seats, they make up in fancy names—the Coconut Bowl, Roxy, Oceanview, Lunga Palace.

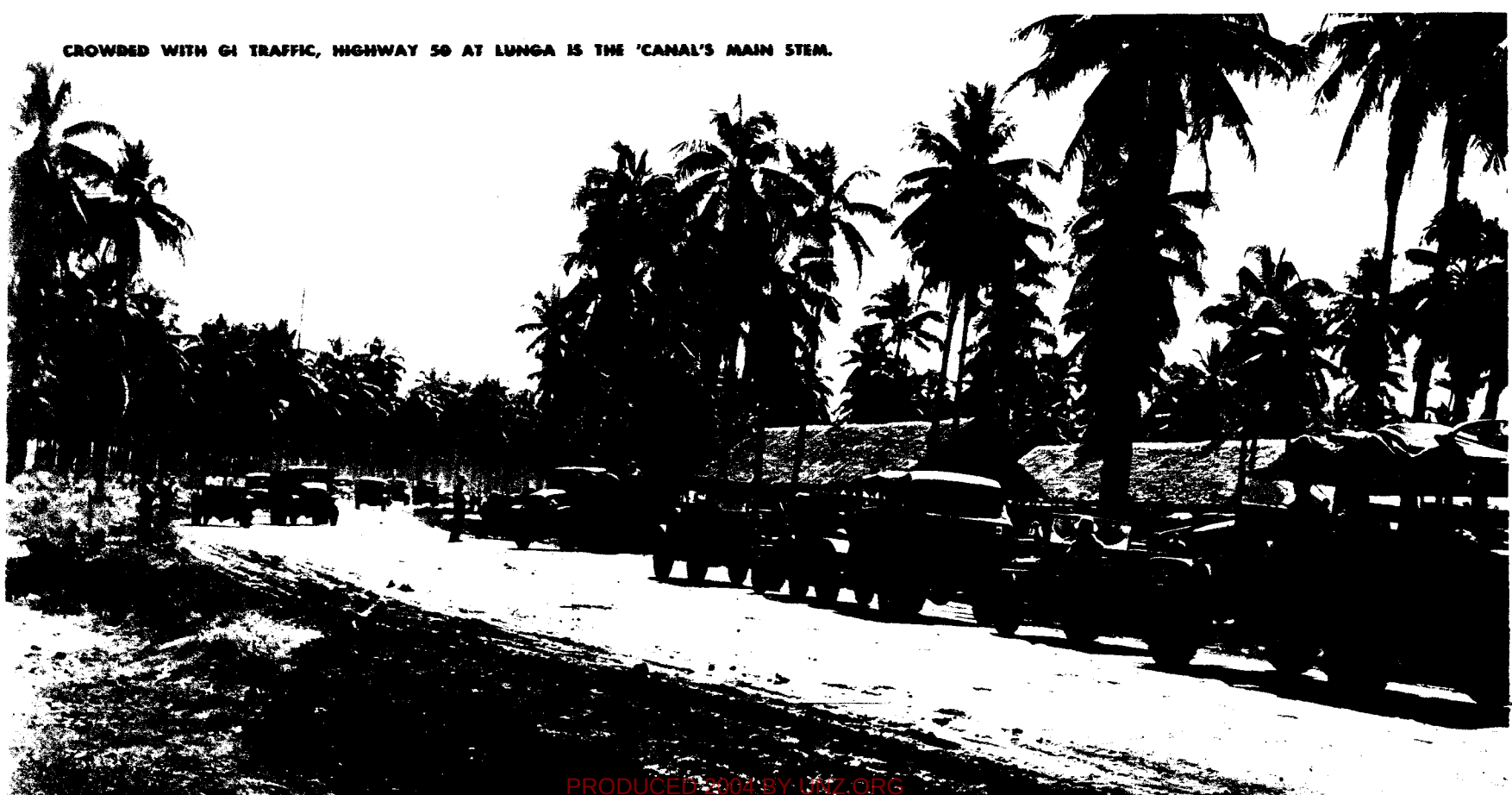
The Lunga, with 2,800 bench seats, boasts a silver backdrop cut from a 900-pound barrage balloon that a destroyer towed in from the sea. It took 14 bathers three mornings to scrub off the sea and beach stains. Another 'Canal movie, on the site of the Matanikau River battle, has a 25-foot screen, one of the highest on the island.

GIs have introduced so many diversions that sometimes the Guadalcanal scene resembles a summer resort in the States. At Kukum, you'll see outboard motorboats and sailing skiffs and an occasional aquaplaner. GIs in diving masks study the beautiful colors of underwater coral. On Sundays, fishing parties in an outboard motorboat, made from floats of wrecked planes, travel up a river that was once a savage battle site. On the roads you may see a runabout made from salvaged plane wheels and a washing-machine motor, capable of more speed than the MPs allow.

Some GIs have trained the mute green parrots of the island to sit on their shoulders. Others, like T-4 Lewis G. Fife of Ogden, Utah, grow flowers around their pyramidal tents—for beauty and to keep the dust down. (The giant zinnias are so robust here that you can transplant them in full bloom from the gardens of outfits that are moving out.) Still other GIs make rings, P-38 models, bracelets and necklaces out of Jap propellers, bullets, shells and other odds and ends.

It's a changed Guadalcanal.

CROWDED WITH GI TRAFFIC, HIGHWAY 50 AT LUNGA IS THE 'CANAL'S MAIN STEM.



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Sgt. Frank Brandt

TARGETS IN JAPAN

With B-29s now operating from China and new air bases available to U. S. Fortresses and Liberators in the western Pacific, these war production centers await relentless day and night bombing.

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Security Mission

A dozen Rangers set out on a routine assignment in Italy. Then the Germans attacked.

By Pvt. JUSTIN GRAY

ITALY—There were 12 of us. We were called by the colonel and told that we were to go on a security mission to guard a 4.2-mortar OP a half-mile in front of the lines. There was no tenseness—rather a certain sense of relaxation. It looked routine. We had been afraid that we would have to go on combat patrol.

We went back to our equipment, chattering. We were to meet the mortarmen — three observers—in half an hour. I drew two K rations, a dinner and a supper unit. Bills, our section leader, said: "Take *beaucoup* grenades." I took eight of them and made sure my bandolier was full of ammo. To make room for the grenades in my meat-can pouch, I put aside assorted Life Savers and dextrose tablets, keeping only a few peppermint drops. I started to pack.

Enemy artillery fire started laying in on us. Somebody said: "Those bastards down by Vesuvius. What the hell can we do with mortars? We can't even reach the Germans." I packed my field jacket, tooth brush and shaving equipment. I considered leaving my training gas mask behind but decided to take it. Stancil asked: "What are you going to do with a sharpshooter rifle, Gray? Shoot leaves?" I traded it in for an M1 with a boy who wasn't going on patrol. I filled my canteen with water and put leaves on my helmet.

We were on a little wooded knoll with short shrubby trees and shallow slit trenches. I leaned back in a trench, using my helmet as a headrest. I tried to kid with the boys. The tenseness mounted. Gerhardt, a Dutchman from Pennsylvania, made believe he was going to sleep. "Make me vake in 15 minutes." He always pretended to sleep but was more nervous than the rest of us.

Rona said: "Gray, don't you wish you were back in the noncombatant Engineers?" I snorted: "That redhead wouldn't love me so much if I were." My captain came along and suggested that I change my red-top socks so only the gray showed. "Sonuvabitch, these damned leggin' laces always break. Wish we had those new combat infantry boots." Sgt. Bills took over and told us the order we were to march in. Bills was to lead off. "Nemo next with his tommy, supported by Nickson. Ford follows with his BAR. High-Gear Hodal next with extra ammo. Rona will lead the riflemen. Gray, you bring up the rear."

Then silence. We continued to wait. It was about noon. Complete quiet on the entire sector. It was warm for September. There were no combat patrols hitting us. Then machine-gun fire started above us. We heard German machine pistols. Some *Tedeschi* had infiltrated behind our lines. We wondered if there were more where we were going. "Damn, there are only 12 of us."

I wondered how long the colonel wanted us to hold that OP if the Germans hit us. He never did tell us. "Why doesn't Bills go and find out?" "Gee, maybe a combat patrol would be better than this—at least you're moving." High-Gear Hodal started singing: "There's a Star-Spangled Banner waving somewhere, over a distant land so very far away. Only Uncle Sam's brave heroes get to go there; O how I wish I could go there, too . . ." Nickson swore: "I'll kill the bastard that wrote that song." But the tenseness relaxed. We were brave heroes far from home. Hodal was a cool character.

The three mortarmen came up and we moved out. We had a job to do; we were moving. I forgot my tension. I began to think of what I had to do and of the redhead back home.

Pvt. Gray's story is a true report on one of his combat experiences. He fought with the 3d Ranger Battalion in Sicily and Italy.

Our lines were thinly stretched across the mountain. We had to go up through A Company which was holding the line. It was surprising to see Rangers dug in like Infantry. The Army wasn't moving as fast as expected. I saw Stovell my buddy in A Company. He yelled: "Bring back some souvenirs, Gray."

Our position was about a half-mile down the mountain in front of the lines. There were no Jerries in sight, and we reached it without incident. I could see Vesuvius and Naples in the distance. The valley stretched below us, green and clean. Overhead flew some P-38s on patrol. Everything looked easy. The mortarmen indicated the positions they wanted. We fanned out, knowing exactly what to do without orders. I took a position ahead of a little waddy. I threw off my pack and sat down. "Kay" Kyser called: "This is going to be a cinch." I thought so, too. I thought we'd be able to rest all afternoon. We deserved an easy job after the past few days.

I OPENED up my dinner unit and began to eat. Everybody was just as relaxed. We called back and forth to each other. We might as well have been out of combat. It was a beautiful clear day. Bills asked: "How about trading your cheese unit for my ham and eggs? I've got the GIs." I laughed at him. "The hell with you. I've got the GIs, too." I started munching away. There was so much undergrowth I couldn't see more than 15 yards ahead. One of the boys said: "It looks as though Italy couldn't grow a man-sized tree." Fleas started to itch in the seams of my pants. I scratched and swore.

Suddenly I saw something moving in the brush about 12 yards away. My jaw froze. I felt like vomiting. It was a Jerry. Only one, I hoped. He was coming right up the waddy. He came out in the open, looked around and turned to signal the others to come through. Another came in sight. I don't know what the hell I did. Instinctively I must have dropped my food and picked up my rifle. I was glad I'd traded my sharpshooter rifle for an M1; I could fire from the hip.

Without looking around I knew that Gerhardt had seen them, too. I knew I should have held my fire, but my finger squeezed the trigger. Almost immediately Gerhardt fired at the second one. Both of the Jerries went down And then we knew there were many more Germans behind them. You could hear them moving in the bushes maybe 20 yards away, fanning out to see if we were an isolated unit or the main line.

It was only a matter of minutes before they would envelop us. Bills told us to cover our flanks. I moved way off to the right. I wondered whether Bills had asked the colonel if we had to hold this damned position. I was ready to leave. Some cinch! I got a pretty good position in a little defilade. I was still scared as a bastard. I wondered if the rest were as well located. At least the bullets couldn't reach me. I rose up to take a look. From my right flank a machine pistol sputtered. I smacked my face down on the ground. That was close. I took another look. Another machine pistol sputtered in front of me. A third one started on my left. I fired a couple of rounds at the man in front of me. Then I knew what was happening. One machine-pistolman was firing while the other two crawled closer to me. I could hear them. Then another fired and the other two crawled. I couldn't rise up any more to fire back.

I heard a scream on my left. Nemo was standing up, his tommy gun in his hands. He was hit in the chest. He ran at the Germans. A machine pistol opened up and tore the top of his head off. The rim of his helmet dropped down around his neck. I turned away and saw one of the mortarmen firing futilely with a .45 automatic.

My three Jerries were about six yards away. I could hear them. I couldn't do a thing. Suddenly I heard myself screaming: "Bills, Bills, get me the hell out of here." And there was Bills at my side. He had rushed down and surprised the Jerries. He killed two. I got the other.

IT was time to leave the position. More Jerries were coming up. We all knew now that it was a full-fledged German assault on the main American lines. We could do no more good there. Bills gave the order and we started to retreat in pairs. Gerhardt covered me. I covered Gerhardt. We had to leave Nemo behind.

It was hard going up the steep mountain. It hadn't been so steep when we came down. I thought about throwing away my rifle so I could scramble more quickly. The rifle was in my way, and I couldn't use my hands. "If we can only get up to A Company," I thought. "We have to warn them. What if they don't recognize us? What if they fire on us?"

We reached the top. We made it. The Germans hadn't been aggressive enough. A Company recognized us and held their fire. I saw Stovell and dropped into his ditch. I looked up and said: "Sorry, Stovell. No souvenirs."

A Jerry was coming right up the waddy. He looked around and signaled the others. I felt like vomiting

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GRATEFUL CIVILIANS DURING OUT A FOTFUL OF
TURNED OVERWHELMED TO ITS FRENCH MAYOR FOLLO

A U. S. TANKMAN RELAXES AFTER KNOCKING OUT A GERMAN PILLBOX.

MOVING UP. THE LEAD TRIO IS ON A CAPTURED GERMAN NSU HALF-TRACK MOTORCY

AN AMERICAN SOLDIER STANDS GUARD AT A CHERBOURG CROSSROADS STILL LOUSY WITH LETTERED POINTERS LEFT BY RETREATING GERMANS.

TWO FRENCH PROSTITUTES CLIMB INTO A JEEP AFTER HAVING BEEN NABBED BY U. S. MPs. T
WERE CHARGED WITH SIGNALING TO GERMANS WITH A FLASHLIGHT FROM THEIR HOTEL WIND

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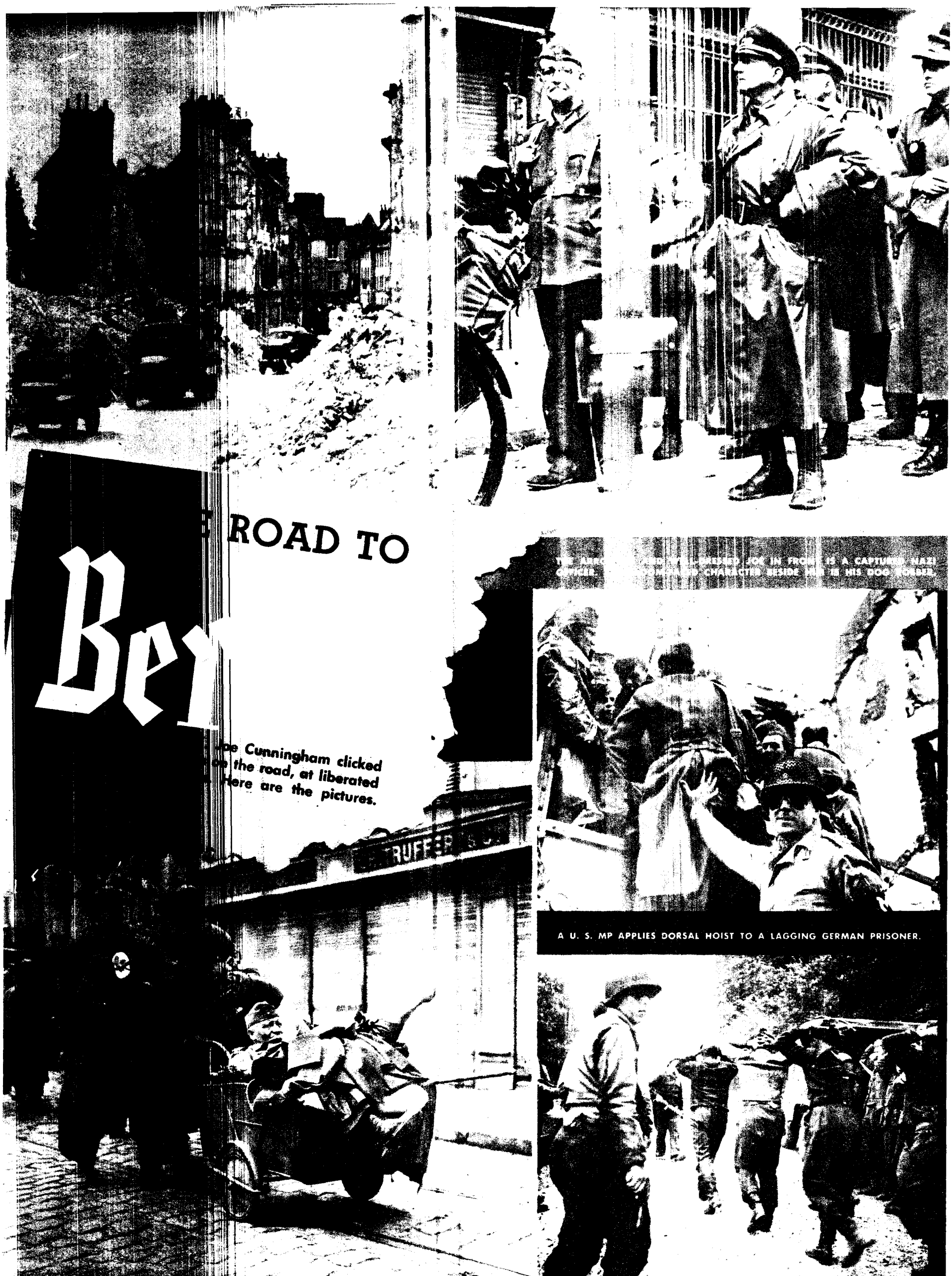

ROAD TO

Bey

Joe Cunningham clicked on the road, at liberated Here are the pictures.

THE ARM[illegible] HEAVILY-ARMED JOE IN FROM IS A CAPTURED NAZI CAPITAL. [illegible] CHARACTER BESIDE HIM IS HIS DOG, WALKER.

A U. S. MP APPLIES DORSAL HOIST TO A LAGGING GERMAN PRISONER.

A WOUNDED GERMAN OFFICER, HIS GAME LEG IN THE AIR, HIS OTHER ON A PILLOW, IS HAULED THROUGH THE STREETS OF CHERBOURG IN A CART BY TWO CAPTURED GERMAN ENLISTED MEN.

A GI HOLDS HIS .45 AT THE READY WHILE GERMAN PRISONERS, THEIR ARMS ABOVE THEIR HEADS, FILE BY TO AN AMERICAN COMMAND POST.

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Thinking Soldiers

Dear YANK:

This letter is in reference to the letter sent to *Mail Call* recently by Sgt. Irving Cohen in Iran. Sgt. Cohen stated that the American soldier didn't know why he was wearing a uniform or what was going to happen when he discarded that uniform, that we only cared about our "own miserable selves" and that our main trend of thought was "when are we going home?"

Sgt. Cohen must not judge everybody by himself. Most of us were making a decent living before this war started and so we didn't all find a home in the Army. Most of us are in here to get this war over with and get back to that civilian life we had before this started. As for post-war plans, everybody has their own expectations. And around here we only have time to think of ourselves, our buddies and our families back home. Every soldier has a right to wonder when he's "going home"; that is what he's fighting for. We are not fighting this war to gain anything but merely to hold those precious freedoms we had.

Hawaii —Sgt. LAWRENCE E. BUTLER*

*Also signed by S/Sgt. Al Stein, Sgt. F. A. Demongeot and G. C. Duby, Pfcs. O. D. McKnight, D. A. Detz and George H. Kimmel.

Dear YANK:

. . . He [Sgt. Cohen] is a sour-grapes idealist and a puling infant when it comes to the big job of understanding GIs anywhere. He has, in his own shallow way, attempted to analyze soldiers. He is too lazy, too intolerant and too smug to do the job. In short, he just doesn't know what the hell he's talking about and one day he'll begin to see some reason why; then he'll realize what an asinine garble he's set forth for all to see and laugh at. Cohen undoubtedly has a complex; the guy even hates himself.

Hamilton Field, Calif. —S/Sgt. JOHN V. ROGERS

Dear YANK:

This is . . . the first time I was ever mad enough to bitch!

Your *Mail Call*, as usual, is one of the most interesting pages you have. I didn't say a word when the Marines were riding the Army. I didn't say a word when the Texans said that they are from the best state in the Union. But I'll be damned if I'll let Sgt. Cohen get away with saying that we do not know why we are soldiers.

Sgt. Irving Cohen, I think you're pretty damned ignorant in making such a statement. I have a question to ask you, sergeant. Have you ever been in combat? I doubt it very much. If you had, you wouldn't have made such a statement. Most of the fellows in my outfit have been in combat twice. They belong to the 7th Division and are proud of it. Do you think they know what they are fighting for? Do you want to know what the hell is in our minds? Yep—you guessed it! "When are we going home?" Notice, sergeant, I quoted you. . . .

Hawaii —Pvt. S. S. MONDELLO*

*Also signed by Pfcs. David Gardner, Amos Brunty, James F. Mitter, Leo Maniaci and Verdon A. Mosere and Pvts. Paul H. Diciero and Hubert H. Benbrook.

Dear YANK:

Please be lenient if you find this letter hard to read, for I'm really on the verge of hysteria. If I recall rightly a Sgt. Cohen wrote that all a fella thinks about is his own miserable self and that we are ignorant as to why we wear the uniform. As I recall he wrote from Iran, and Iran isn't in the immediate combat zone and there isn't any need for hitting a foxhole on the double. We'll keep thinking about our miserable selves and we won't be ashamed of it. . . .

Southwest Pacific —Cpl. WALTER R. GRALRINSKI

Dear YANK:

. . . All of us know why the war started and why we're fighting. We worry about home, wives and mothers; we wouldn't be human if we didn't.

Hawaii —Pfc. H. WHITFORD

Dear YANK:

. . . He's nuts. . . .

Hawaii —Pvt. J. JONES

Dear YANK:

. . . a very nasty comment. . . .

Italy —T-4 DAN JOHNSON

Dear YANK:

I think he's the one that is ignorant. . . .

Galapagos Islands —Pfc. DAVID R. CAPLIN

Dear YANK:

I'd like to reply, providing my bars don't disqualify the publication of my views. . . . I think we have, each of us, an idea of the goal for which we fight, but most of us are not too articulate about it. But when it comes to talk of going home—hell, isn't that a laudable ambition? For us it is.

Italy —Lt. DONALD G. TAGGART

Dear YANK:

. . . Were we burned up. . . . We wonder if Cohen has been over here over two years and away from the ones he loves? Or whether he has seen combat, slept in a foxhole full of water, gone without food and sleep? We have been reading a lot about the comfortable Red Cross accommodations there in Iran with the beer, dances and all the comforts of home. We have been away from home a long time now and we would like to go home even if the sergeant doesn't. Maybe he is satisfied over here but we aren't. . .

Italy —Cpl. BRUCE E. SAMUELS*

*Also signed by Sgt. Newt Reiss and Cpls. Marshall Crawley, Harold M. Johnson and Virgil Sperry.

MAIL CALL

Monotony

Dear YANK:

Monotony, monotony, all is monotony. The heat, the insects, the work, the complete absence of towns, women, liquor. Every too often the incredible routine inspection for diseases which couldn't possibly be there, under the circumstances. The irregular mail, which has become regular in its irregularity. The pay ritual; the eagle screams and so does the local GI, who has no choice but to send the money home—a prudent but singularly unsatisfying action. On a more personal basis, the monotony of prefixing the name with those three little—awfully little—letters: pfc.

All this monotony, and more, existed before. Then came the brilliant idea of subscribing to YANK. It all seemed so simple at the time. "Just send us your money order for two bucks," you said, "and before you know it YANK will be coming around regularly to cheer your spirit and brighten your days." So I did it. I sent the money order for two bucks. And what happened? I found that I had added a new monotony to the existing ones. With dreary, weary regularity I found myself writing letters to YANK on a regular basis, always dealing with the same topic: Where is the magazine? With equally monotonous regularity did I get no answer. Fellers, enough is enough. The heat, the insects, the lack of diversion—all these things you can do nothing about. But this one-sided correspondence. . . . Write to me, huh? Better yet, if you can possibly see your way clear, send me the damn magazine!

New Hebrides —Pfc. H. MOLDAUER

■ So *that's* where that two bucks came from.

Australian Brides

Dear YANK:

According to a recent radiocast, a total of 90 Australian war brides and fiancees of United States servicemen have arrived at Frisco to look over their new homes in the States. A civilian, reading or hearing the news, might be enough of a thinker to wonder at the fact that the vitally needed shipping space on American vessels is being used for such unnecessary purposes as transporting over 100 civilians (counting the babies) from way down under to the U. S. When some fellows down here, who are eligible for rotation because they have from two to three years overseas service behind them, apply to go home, they are shelved into casual camps and told they must wait, perhaps months, because there is no shipping space available—or words to that effect. . . I don't believe I need go into the relative importance or right of shipping space for American servicemen and Aussie brides.

South Pacific —Pvt. R. G. SANDBANK*

*Also signed by Cpl. Roy T. Whitmire and Pvts. Thomas Lipton, Robert L. Nichols and Phil Silverman.

Dear YANK:

We have a bitch concerning the rotation of troops. We are told there is no transportation available, but if that is true, why send Australian women who have married Yanks back to the States? Why not send the soldiers first? Let the women wait.

Southwest Pacific —Pfc. LEONARD S. KANOPKA*

*Also signed by 31 other GIs.

Post-War Insurance Policies

Dear YANK:

In every issue of your magazine you have some article on the post-war plans that the people back home are making. What about insurance? We have a service insurance that is good for five years. It won't be long before my insurance policy expires. The war may, or may not, be over by the time it expires. I would like to keep this policy, but converted into regular insurance, the premium rates increase nearly three times in some cases. . . . A bill to provide for Government aid, perhaps by extending the same premium rates for another five-year period, or at least continue the same premium rate for a year after we are discharged, would give us time to seek proper placement in a job that would provide sufficient income to meet the increased payments.

Guadalcanal —Pvt. ELLIS L. GILBERT

A Major Objects

Dear YANK:

Gentlemen? Having been an enlisted man from 1919 to 1934 and a Regular Army officer since then, I cannot support you in the cheap ridicule of officers by enlisted men which you foster in your *Mail Call*. [YANK printed two letters in a July issue from GIs who criticized a lieutenant for wanting to submit contributions to The Army Weekly. The GIs pointed out that enlisted men—for whom and by whom YANK is published—are not permitted in many places where officers gather and suggested that the same rule apply to officers where YANK is concerned. Incidentally, it does—*Ed.*]

If it is democracy we crave and fight for, let us also have respect for it in our press. Officers are not permitted, under any circumstances, to ridicule the GI, and no good officer desires to, but are we not entitled also to equal treatment?

I am proud to have been a GI for 15 years when the general public had little consideration for GIs and I am equally proud of my commission. I have always and shall always resent ridicule.

Please cancel my subscription to your magazine.

Camp Swift, Tex. —Maj. O. K. ANDREWS

Sad Sack YANK

Dear YANK:

In a June issue of YANK Sad Sack seems to be reading a very unique magazine. Aside from the fact that it is a copy of YANK, it is the first magazine I have ever seen whose front page could be held in the right hand while open. Sad Sack would have to be sitting facing the other way in order to properly display the front cover. Not that it matters much, but it was a lot of fun catching up with you, anyway.

—Pfc. WENDEL A. MINER

Winter General Hospital, Kans.

Dear YANK:

Please note: Ye Melancholy Sack
Reads YANK with cover on the back.

Camp Wolters, Tex. —Cpl. ARTHUR H. RAPP

■ Any YANK the Sad Sack reads *would* have the cover on the last page.

A Colonel Speaks

Dear YANK:

Allow me, a low-serial-number Regular Army colonel, to add to the gripe of Pvt. David W. Wallace [who complained that "practically every café fit to patronize in Cairo, Egypt, is out of bounds to American enlisted men."—*Ed.*] It griped me, too, when in Cairo, to see privately owned, operated-for-profit night clubs open to all the public *except* GIs. Not only that, but with military police at the door to keep out the "untouchables."

Well, Wallace, let me describe what you were missing. Club No. 1 on my list: Infested with greasy looking Levantines of indeterminate origin accompanied by their high-priced "companions." Tom Collins quite expensive, made up of lukewarm Orange Crush and poor gin. . . . A helluva big check after a not very thrilling evening. Club No. 2: Fairly nice crowd except for one fat civilian surrounded by some hard-looking tarts on the make. He was trying rather unsuccessfully to get some young officers over to his table. Floor show lousy—belly dancers couldn't get even a trial on a Minsky circuit. Food fair, but "extras" very expensive. Officers there looked as if they wouldn't mind rubbing shoulders with other ranks.

No, soldier, you didn't miss much.

Just the same, I didn't like the signs "Military Personnel—Officers Only" one bit. One American GI is worth a helluva lot more than the best of the civilians I saw at those night clubs I attended. And from what I saw of our enlisted men in Cairo they would, by their neatness, general gentlemanly conduct and military bearing, be an asset to any of the privately owned open-to-the-public clubs I've ever seen anywhere.

I hope the situation in Cairo changes under new management.

Italy —An Officer and American Soldier

Mathematics

Dear YANK:

Here are some figures that may be of some interest to the readers of YANK.

	Roosevelt	Churchill	Hitler	Hirohito
Born	1882	1874	1889	1901
Assumed office	1933	1940	1933	1926
Years in office	11	4	11	18
Age	62	70	55	43
Total	3,888	3,888	3,888	3,888

There being two sides to this war, the Axis and the Allies, divide 3,888 by two and the answer is —1944!

Southwest Pacific —VERNON A. WHITMORE

■ Pvt. Ben Stanley, Co. A, 13th Bn., Fort McClellan, Ala., has doped out a more comprehensive list. He found that statistics for Tojo, Mussolini and Stalin also add up to 3,888. Dividing by 2 he got 1944. Dividing 1944 by 2 he got 9-7-2, or the "month, day and hour" of the war's end —Sept. 7 at 2 o'clock.

Impressive, isn't it? Now if you add up the year *you* were born, your age on your birthday this year, the year you entered the Army and the number of years you've been in uniform, you'll still get 3,888.

Of course, if you'd tried this in 1942, the answer would have been 1942 and the war would have ended two years ago. Too bad somebody didn't think of this sooner.

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GI Jeans

A French flying officer checks the work of two students at radio school as a GI radio noncom looks on. Their insignia, three chicks backed by the American eagle, proclaims in French: "They will grow larger."

They like America, but these French Air Force trainees are waiting for the day when they will see their homes again.

By Sgt. ADAM YARMOLINSKY
YANK Field Correspondent

SCOTT FIELD, ILL.—They wear their stripes in bright orange and gold on their shoulder straps and garrison caps; they throw a jaunty palm-out highball to every rank from the lowest two-striper up; their shoulder patch is a red-white-and-blue shield, and they pleasantly astonish bartenders by asking for wine instead of whisky.

These French Air Force GIs are getting the air and ground training that only the unbombed U. S. can offer. The *Centre de Formation Personnel Navigant en Amérique*—the French Air Force in America—has its headquarters in Washington, D. C., but its training detachments are scattered throughout the States. You can hear French marching songs in Nebraska, watch the unfamiliar movements of French close-order drill in Louisiana and observe weird struggles with the English language in a Florida PX.

In spite of language difficulties, the courses are never cut down or spread out for the Frenchmen, and they come through with top-notch grades. Only a select few win out in the stiff competition at the North African end of the line, where the waiting list is as long as an OCS board's. There's a lot of rank in the French detachment, and although the men don't wear hashmarks on their blouses, five years' service is about average.

The typical GI Jean was called up under the regular peacetime draft in 1938 or 1939, and he's been in service ever since. Before the fall of France, he was shipped to North Africa for duty, or perhaps he was sent there afterward by the Vichy government. Jean's family remained in France, sweating out D Day and working for the underground in the meantime. In his wallet, Jean probably carries clippings from a French underground paper telling of sabotage activities.

In his five years, Jean has taken a lot of hard knocks, first as a *bleu* (recruit) and then advancing slowly by competitive exams, from *deuxieme classe* (private) through *premiere classe* (pfc) and *caporal* to *caporal chef* (buck sergeant) or *sergent* (staff sergeant).

If he got as far as *sergent* on the other side, Jean entered what was strictly a first-three-graders' paradise: BOQ, a separate mess and an officer's uniform. He commanded troops and even had the right to administer punishments. He was, in fact, an under officer rather than an enlisted man. Now he finds himself back in the GI rut—living in the bay, eating in the mess hall, doing physical training and fatigue, and standing inspections like any newly rated corporal.

It's a good thing that Jean has this to gripe about, because there seems to be nothing else in his life in the States that he doesn't like. Even when he's studying hard for eight or nine hours a day, he'll tell you America is a six-month furlough. American GIs talk about good soldiers' towns, but Jean calls this a good soldiers' country. "Everything is free here for soldiers," he says. "It wasn't that way in Africa." American barracks are, like palaces after the cantonments he's had, and although it takes a little while to get used to our food, he has no complaints on that score. He's never seen PXs nearly as well stocked as those in the States.

Jean's pay—boosted by 20 percent overseas pay, flying pay even if he hasn't gotten in his time for the month and a couple of 5 percents in fogey pay—is more money than he's ever drawn before. But he's always cleaned out a few days before pay day.

Jean's social life is pretty well cared for by the French communities near the fields where he is stationed. In St. Louis, a French society gives parties for the Scott Field detachment; in New York there is a French canteen, and in most towns there are enough French families to make him feel at home. The *commandant d'armes* (CO) of the detachment usually locates these families and arranges entertainment for his men. Where there are no French people around, and sometimes even where there are, the boys make up in fast work what they lack in time. One young lady who could speak no French finally insisted that her *sergent* buy her a pocket dictionary.

On the post, Jean sticks pretty much with his *copains*—his own buddies. The English he has picked up in a month or less of concentrated study may be enough to get him by in school with the help of interpreters, but he doesn't really feel at home in the language. He picks up all our standard cuss words but his own are really more expressive, and he usually sounds off in his mother tongue. French slang is a whole language by itself, and Jean likes to tease the American GI interpreters by throwing in words they never learned at school.

In spite of this teasing, Jean gets along very well with the interpreters. They are sometimes his only link with the English-speaking world. They help him with his shopping, go on sick call with him to explain his symptoms and translate the doctor's advice, and write his love letters. In their spare time, the interpreters are kept busy answering questions from other American GIs, who want to know what two orange stripes on the shoulder mean, or how you give the command for column right in French. (It's "*Changement de direction à droite une fois, marche.*" just in case you're interested.)

Jean's six months in America are a good deal, and he deserves the break after five years of service. But it's more than just that; it's a chance to learn a trade that will help him win back his own country. And when you hear Jean talk about France, or see him reading one of the very few Red Cross messages that gets through from his people, you know that winning back his country is what's at the bottom of his heart.

WINGED WEDDING

MIAMI, FLA.—S/Sgt. Walt R. Johnson of Chicago, Ill., was at the altar getting married here after a long hitch at a bomber base in Greenland where GIs use interphone language all day long.

The chaplain asked him the fateful question: "Do you, Walter, take this woman, Helen, to be your lawful wedded wife?"

Walt nodded nervously.

"Roger," he said.

—YANK Field Correspondent

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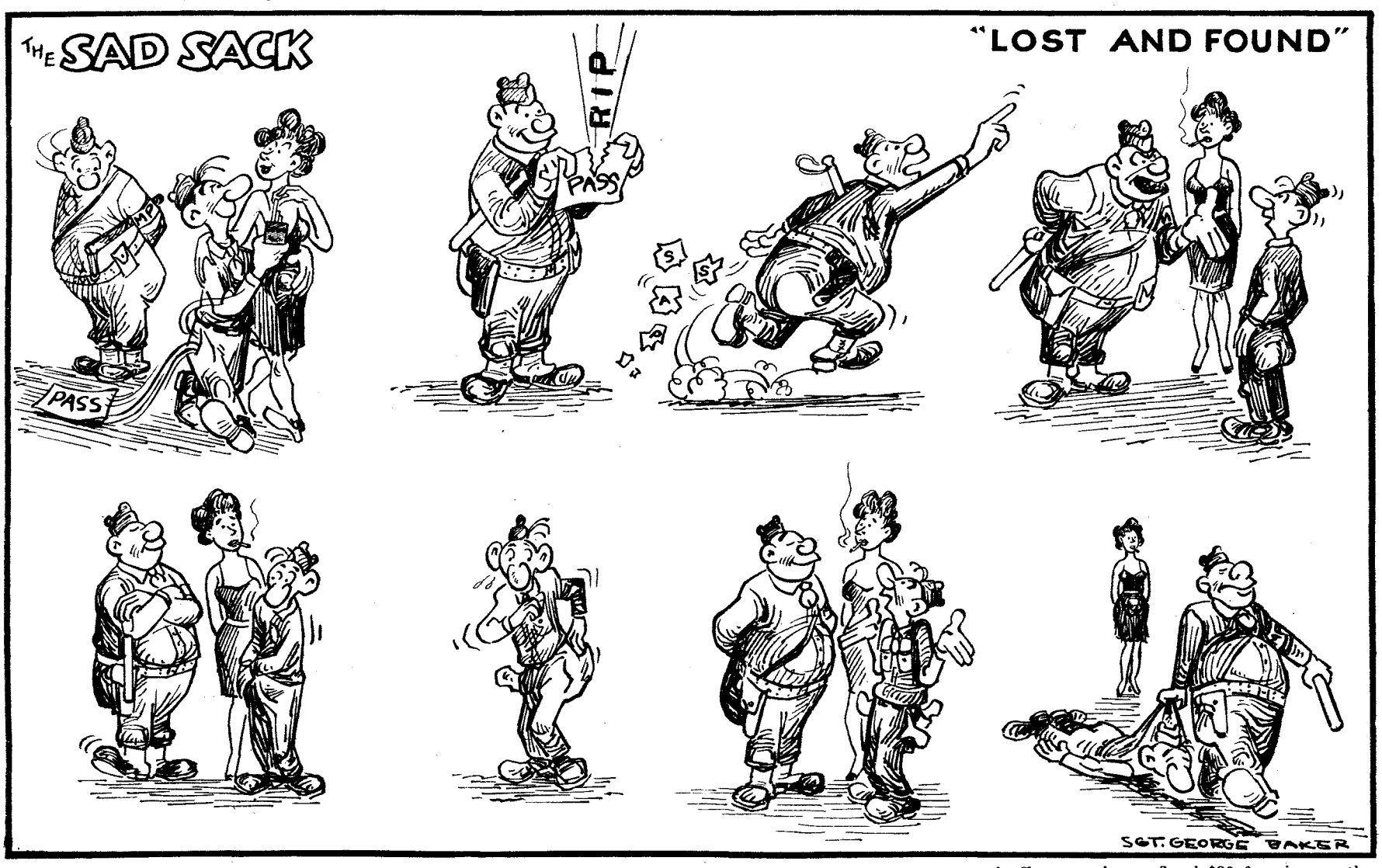


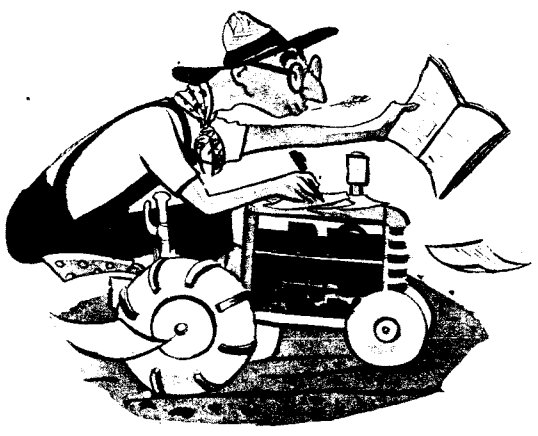
Court Martial for Bigamy

Dear YANK:

Just before we left our last station one of our buddies was suddenly yanked off to the guardhouse. We left the island so quickly none of us could find out what he had done. Now we hear that he has been court-martialed for having two wives. Frankly, it doesn't make sense. Can the Army punish a man for a civilian crime like bigamy?

Kwajalein —Cpl. CHARLES FUNDER

■ It can. "Bigamy has long been recognized as an offense under the 95th and 96th Articles of War, without reference to state laws," according to the *Bulletin of the Judge Advocate General of the Army, April 1944* [page 150]. Article 96 would probably apply in this case, since it states that a court martial can administer punishment for ". . . all crimes . . . of which persons subject to military law may be guilty."



Loans to Veterans

Dear YANK:

I was 23 when I enlisted and intend to take advantage of the educational provisions of the GI Bill of Rights when I get out. I need only one more year of college to get my degree. I know that my tuition will be paid by the Government but I can't see how my wife and son can live on $75 a month while I go to school. I own a 10-acre farm, which could be fixed up to produce additional income if I could borrow about $1,000 for more livestock and equipment. Will it be possible for me to get that $1,000 under the loan provisions of the GI Bill of Rights, *in addition* to receiving the education benefits?

Italy —Sgt. JAMES ACKER

■ Yes. There are no restrictions in the GI Bill of Rights against a veteran obtaining more than one of the benefits of the law. To get the loan you will have to show that "there is a reasonable likelihood that such operations will be successful." If you can show that, the Veterans' Administration will guarantee 50 percent of the loan at not more than 4-percent interest.

What's Your Problem?

Faithless Wife

Dear YANK:

I am enclosing the exact wording of a letter sent me by wife and will be ever grateful for any possible solution, for I have tried everything I know, even prayer. Still TS. Question: Can wife get allotment without consent of me when I have this letter of bad faith? Here are her words:

Dear Ahmed—The time has come to clear things between us. You will have realized, before now, that our marriage was a mistake. I beg of you to put an end to this mistake and get a divorce. I left your house this morning, because I didn't want to saddle you with the role of a betrayed husband. As a matter of fact, I have never been yours, but now I belong to someone else, and this finishes things between us.

I have grown distrustful of what is generally known as "love," for the feelings that have alienated me from you are drawn elsewhere, and I've got to obey the secret promptings of my nerves. I want to thank you and wish you well. I am going away. It makes me unhappy to hurt you, but you are so strong. I am still your friend, and perhaps the time will come when you can be my friend, too. I am taking everything except your clothes and the typewriter, and am having my friend type this for me, for you know I write poorly.—ELAINE.

Iran —Pfc. AHMED S.

■ Yours is simply a classic version of a common problem. All the proof in the world that a soldier's wife is faithless does not change the fact that a family allowance is given to her regularly as long as she remains legally married to the soldier. If you are interested in initiating divorce proceedings you should consult your Legal Assistance officer, who can give you information about the divorce laws in your state.

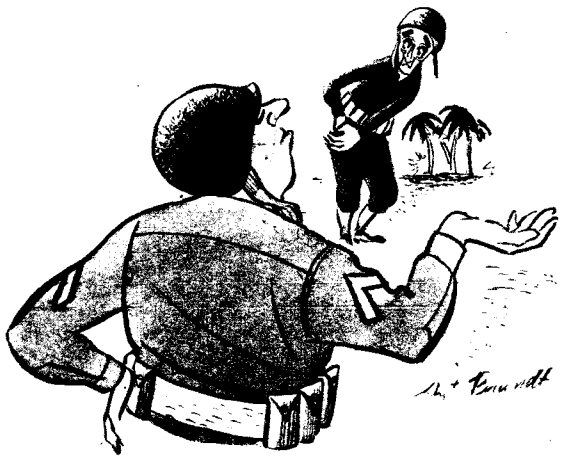
Maximum Fines

Dear YANK:

I have been court-martialed three times in special court, twice for AWOL and once for assault. The assault was merely a tussle with another soldier. In June 1943 I was fined $30 a month for six months. On July 22 I was tried for the second offense and was fined $33 for six months. Two days later I was fined $33 for another six months. The court fined me two-thirds of my pay, but they have been taking all of it. Since June 1943, I have only received $10. This was when I was at the POE. What I would like to know is this: Is it lawful for the Army to take all of your money, allowing you nothing for cigarettes, etc.?

Guadalcanal —Pvt. RICHARD MACK

■ The *Manual for Courts Martial* [par. 104 (b), page 96] protects a man from having more than two-thirds of his pay taken away at any one time. Moreover a Judge Advocate ruling on that question makes it very clear that a GI may have no more than two-thirds of his pay taken away through action of a court martial unless the sentence of the court martial also orders a dishonorable discharge, and you have not been dishonorably discharged. Refer your Finance Officer to *AR 35-2460* [par. 5 (b)], and he will see to it that you get the money that is legally yours.



Privates Winning the War?

Dear YANK:

Buck privates! I'm one. Can't help it. Don't like it. But buck privates win wars, and so I said aloud the other day. I say there are more of us than all the other grades of GI put together, and that is the reason we sad sacks are doing most to win the war. A pfc who calls himself a noncom said I was wrong. There's 25 bucks on the deal, YANK, and it's a problem of prime importance to lots of guys down here. What do you say?

New Guinea —Pvt. JOHN KALDER

■ Shell out. There are not more privates in the Army than all other grades of enlisted personnel. Buck privates account for only 38 percent of total enlisted strength.

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Getting Your Old Job Back—Or a New One

By Sgt. MERLE MILLER, YANK Staff Writer

WASHINGTON, D. C.—You didn't see the last of your local Selective Service board when you reported for induction.

A new memorandum on veterans' assistance just issued by national Selective Service Headquarters says that a reemployment committeeman has been put on every local board in the country.

He's the one who'll help you get your old job back after your discharge—if you want it. Or, if that job isn't available or you no longer can do it, he'll help you get another of "like seniority, status and pay."

Of course, as the memorandum emphasizes, the chances are you may not want a job anything like the one you had before you put on a uniform. "Experience has shown that military service develops the mind and body of the veterans," it declares.

"Many have become aware of talents and ambitions which had been hidden and unknown to them. They may not be satisfied to return to their former work. They have received specialized training. They have developed new talents.

"Yesterday's clerk is today's expert mechanic. The veteran who worked indoors most of his life now wants to work on the outside. New ambitions have taken hold, and they are to be encouraged wherever possible. They are entitled to be given a chance to follow their inclinations. It is the job of the Selective Service System through its local boards and reemployment committeemen, and it is the nation's job to give them every consideration."

IF you don't want your old job, the memorandum states, you will probably be referred to the veterans' employment representative of your home-town U. S. Employment Service office. He will be in touch with employers not only in your community but all over the country and be able to recommend the best place to get the kind of work you want and can do.

In case you've decided you want a job with the Federal Government, you will be sent to the nearest U. S. Civil Service office or to any first- or second-class post office for help. All veterans will have five points added to their scores in Government examinations and those with service-connected disabilities will have 10 points added.

In addition, a new Civil Service policy reserves 25 percent of all Federal jobs for returning war veterans, and examinations for certain jobs will be open only to veterans—those for guards, elevator operators, messengers and custodians. What's more, the new veterans' preference law covering Federal service applies to promotion, retention and transfer as well as appointment.

If you want to return to or buy a farm with the help of a loan guaranteed by the GI Bill of Rights, you will be referred to your local county agricultural agent. In just about every farming community, the War Food Administration has set up committees of farmers and businessmen to advise ex-GIs about the different kinds of farming, how much money they need on a farm, how large a farm they should have to make a living and the best new farming methods.

If you're interested in a railroad job, you will be referred to the nearest office of the U. S. Railroad Retirement Board. Its representative will tell you what jobs are available and how you can qualify.

HOWEVER, if you plan to return to your pre-war job, you're entitled to the same rights as if you'd been on a furlough or leave of absence. You will go back to work without loss of seniority, and you can't be discharged "without cause" within a year.

These rules apply if your job wasn't temporary, if you left after May 1, 1940, to enter the service, if you have an honorable discharge, if your employer's circumstances haven't changed so as "to make it impossible or unreasonable to reinstate" you to your job and if you apply within 40 days after you get out of the Army.

The 40-day rule is mandatory and, according to the memorandum, "cannot be extended by the veteran no matter what the reason may be."

If there's a dispute between you and your former employer over reinstatement, a local Selective Service board member or the reemployment committeeman will try to iron it out in a way that is "mutually [illegible] the veteran [illegible] the job lost out without sacrificing [illegible] of the veterans' rights."

If that fails, the case will be reported to your State Selective Service director and, if legal proceedings are necessary, will be forwarded to the national director who will send it on to the Department of Justice for action.

If your old boss should refuse to give you what you think are your rights, you can file suit in U. S. District Court. You can either hire your own lawyer or, if the U. S. district attorney "is reasonably satisfied that the veteran is entitled to such rights," he will act as your attorney and file the suit without cost to you.

"MANY veterans," the memorandum declares, "will upon their return be unable to fill their old jobs or any other job. They may be battle casualties; they may have service-connected or nonservice-connected disabilities; they may require rehabilitation, hospitalization, medical appliances or many other forms of physical care; or they may have financial problems involving pensions and allowances."

In any such cases, you will be referred or taken to a nearby representative of the Veterans' Administration, who will handle your problems and perhaps arrange for a retraining course at a nearby college or university.

Centers for vocational rehabilitation of disabled veterans are being opened at colleges and universities all over the country, and the first is already operating at City College in New York.

The Government, through the Veterans' Administration, not only gives you free transportation to the nearest center but free meals and quarters while you're there and all the medical care you need.

You can get training in almost any field, and also may get additional courses at trade schools as well as on the job in factories. In addition, you will be tested both physically and mentally for the job you're best qualified to handle, and professional job counsellors will advise you.

FINALLY, in addition to all the other services outlined in the memorandum, it points out that veterans' service committees are being set up in almost every home town. These committees will organize a veterans' information center if they think one is necessary to give ex-GIs all the dope and advice they can't get any place else.

Although about 70,000 dischargees are already being placed in civilian jobs every month, this reverse Selective Service program is just getting started. But the machinery to do the post-war task of getting nearly 10,000,000 former servicemen back to work is set up. What's more, everybody hopes it will work.

INCIDENTALLY, the Veterans of Foreign Wars announces that CIO and AFL leaders have agreed to give you a month of job seniority for every month you were in the service after Sept. 1, 1940. This applies not only to veterans who were union members before induction, but also to those who worked but didn't belong to a union and to those who never held a job before. The agreement further provides that qualified veterans are entitled to union membership at pre-war induction rates.

As a result, a veteran who was drafted as soon as he was graduated from high school and learned to be a skilled mechanic while he was in the Army could get a union job as a mechanic and receive full work credit for all the time he was in uniform after Sept. 1, 1940.

Disabled veterans won't be disqualified for jobs, the agreement states, but will be able to get the best possible jobs they can do and at the same salary as others doing that kind of work.

This declaration of policy, reached through a conference between CIO and AFL leaders and the VFW, isn't necessarily binding on individual unions, but union officials predict it will be fully adopted. The United Mine Workers, railroad brotherhoods and other independent unions will probably be asked to adopt the same policy.

Those who served honorably in the armed services "should constitute a citizenry to whom the nation owes consideration by reason of such service," the agreement concludes. "It is agreed that the welfare of the nation's veterans is ultimately dependent upon the well-being of the whole of the community of the country."

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YANK THE ARMY WEEKLY

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No Noon Stuff for Singer in the WAC

Second Air Force, Colorado Springs, Colo.—"Dry mouth" is an "occupational disease" among professional singers that means simply that a thrush, male or female, can't or shouldn't open his or her mouth before noon. But dry mouth is something that no longer bothers Pvt. Leota Lane Pitts, the somewhat chubby blond member of the well-known singing Lane family of stage, screen and radio fame.

"In the Army," says Leota, "dry mouth is not recognized."

Pvt. Pitts—who once shared the limelight with her famous sisters, Priscilla, Rosemary and Lola—explains how she came to join the WAC.

"All of us Lane sisters sat down one day and conferred over who was to represent the family in the armed services," she said. "We figured that, since we came from Indianola, near WAC headquarters in Des Moines, Iowa, at least one of us should be in.

"All the others had commitments; so I got the assignment. I was an inspector on the final assembly line of Lockheed at the time."

WAC life, she said, was fine, although not quite what she dreamed—"of some day singing with the troops around the world." She has a busy time, singing with the Second Air Force band, helping the chaplain with his musical programs, aiding in producing community sings, singing for audiences at the USO and other local camps, and broadcasting twice weekly on the post's radio shows. All this and her GI duties, too.

The tinsel life of Hollywood and the stage is well behind her, and she has only one problem now—a strictly GI one. As she explains it, in civilian life she was able to do push-ups with no great amount of effort; today, no matter how much PT punishment she absorbs, she can't do a single one.

"I wouldn't be doing anything else, if it were offered to me," she says about her job as a Wac. "Now, if I could only do *one* push-up——."

—Pvt. ART RHODES

Fiddle maker T-4 Jacobus Theddorou at his bench.

GI Cook Makes Violins on the Side

Camp Reynolds, Pa.—Making violins, some of which have been described by Alexander Blackman, former conductor of the Philadelphia Philharmonic Orchestra, as possessing excellent tonal quality, is the hobby of T-4 Jacobus Theddorou.

Theddorou, who is a cook here, came by his hobby as a family heritage, having learned the art from his grandfather and his uncle on the island of Cyprus before emigrating to this country in 1930. Employed as a cook and baker in New York at the time of his induction in 1942, Teddy was sent to Cooks and Bakers School at Camp Pickett and then transferred here in March 1943. Since coming here he has become a citizen of the United States.

During the time he has been in the Army, Theddorou has found time to complete only one violin and partly finish another. But since he came to this country he has made 10 and repaired hundreds. One was displayed in an exhibit sponsored by Rudolph Wurlitzer last summer to prove that excellent violins could be made in this country as well as in Europe. Theddorou was offered $800 for it at the time.

A violin is made up of more than 65 individual pieces, and it takes Teddy more than 150 hours to cut and shape them all by hand and fit and glue them together. Then 15 coats of varnish are applied, and each coat is allowed a week to dry before it is rubbed down and polished and a new coat is applied. The whole process takes five months.

The violins are made from maple imported from Czechoslovakia, where it was dried and cured for many years. The wood costs from $5 to $50 for each piece, depending on its individual quality.

Theddorou's CO has permitted him to set up his workbench in the barracks alongside his bunk. The barracks has its disadvantage as a workshop, since it is not practical to hang the instruments up to dry there after they are varnished. "I tried it," said Teddy, "but somebody was always touching them to see if the sign (WET VARNISH—DO NOT TOUCH) was true. It was too dusty in here anyhow."

Ironically, although Teddy has been making violins for years, he can't play one. "All I know," he said with embarrassment when we suggested that he play us a number, "is enough notes to tune one."

—Cpl. TOM SHEHAN

Circusman S/Sgt. Nick James and his pal Sammy.

Emergency Furlough To Pacify an Ape

Fort Bragg, N. C.—COs have become so accustomed to unusual requests for emergency furloughs that not even a demand from a GI for five days to attend a conference with his publisher excites them any more. But S/Sgt. Nick James, a mess sergeant for a headquarters company in the 100th Division, came up with a new one here. He walked in to his CO with a special-delivery request from the Barrett Park Zoo, Staten Island, N. Y., to go there at once at the zoo's expense—to pacify a chimpanzee.

With 22 years of circus, zoo and stage experience to his credit, Nick has trained more than 700 animals in his day; he was with Ringling Bros. for 11 years and before he came into the Army he had his own animal farm on Long Island, N. Y. When he donned khaki, he turned over to the zoo on Staten Island a 9-year-old chimpanzee named Sammy sent to him as a baby by Frank (Bring 'Em Back Alive) Buck.

Recently, when the zoo people set about to paint Sammy's cage, the chimp insisted on having a brush. The keeper, unaware that Nick used to keep Sammy happy by giving him a brush and a pail of water, refused to cater to his artistic complex. The chimp then went into such a rage that he tore two steel bars out of the ceiling of the cage. He wouldn't let anyone go near him, and he was too smart to fall for the trap when they placed a box at the mouth of his cage and baited it with his favorite sweets.

Sgt. James was granted his emergency furlough. He visited Sammy at the zoo. Sammy, after a few friendly nips, calmed down and came out of the cage for his former master. The painting was finished and Nick returned to duty.

CAMP NEWS

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Break Even at Last

Camp Maxey, Tex.—During a hot shelling in the Aisne-Marne offensive in the first World War, 1st Sgt. Herbert T. McKeown of the 125th Inf. Regt., then only a three-striper, dived into a shell hole and found his battalion commander already occupying it. Both men wanted to smoke, but only McKeown had the makings. The officer, however, had a light, so he bummed a smoke from the sergeant, and the two sweated out the barrage.

On Infantry Day this year the two met again. The battalion commander was now chief of staff of the 99th Inf. Div. and, after 26 years, returned the smoke he had bummed.

The Right Command

Fort Bliss, Tex.—The lieutenant brought his weary platoon to a halt after a hard hour's drill. "Just to keep you on your toes," he told his men, "I am going to call out names at random. When you hear yours, respond with a command. The rest of the platoon will execute it."

The first man to be called sang out with a command for a flank movement, which the platoon executed smartly. The next one brought the group to a halt.

Then the officer called: "Mazzotta!" Footsore and weary, Mazzotta gave the classic command: "Dismissed!" He took off for the barracks, followed closely by the rest of the men and leaving the astounded officer all alone.

Variety in Orientation

Avon Park Army Air Field, Fla.—Anything the GI wants to know, short of how to get a date with Betty Hutton, goes into the orientation service for GIs here. Variety appears to be the keynote for the programs, news centers and all-round activities offered by the Special Service Office under the guiding hand of Pfc. J. G. Scott.

So many types of orientation shows are presented that no one knows what to expect next. As a result orientation is a popular subject.

Among the types of shows are these: Open forums, with audience participation while the speaker steers the subject; newscasts, in which European and Asiatic short-wave broadcasts are monitored, briefed and presented by several broadcasters; quiz shows, with audience participation and prizes for the winners; thumbnail sketches; mock trials; dramatic skits; movies; and a "Night of Stars," with interviews of returned veterans and the whole procedure highlighted with songs and dances.

The programs are originated and prepared by Pfc. Scott, who is assisted by men recruited from outside Special Service—mainly from operations and combat personnel.

Swivel-Chair Marksman

Camp Sutton, N. C.—In the group of GIs of Hq. Det. who took off for the range recently were Pfc. Edward Furr and Sgt. John Conly.

Pfc. Furr's Army career is quite a comprehensive one, covering service with the Canadian Army before Pearl Harbor and combat experience with an Armored Engineers outfit in Africa. Pfc. Furr wears the Silver Star for gallantry in action in Tunisia.

Sgt. Conly wears only the Good Conduct Medal. He's a former newspaperman and holds down a swivel chair in the PRO.

On the range, Pfc. Furr slipped into his loop sling with eagerness. This was a cinch for him. Sgt. Conly, his ears well stuffed with cotton, was helped into his sling. His hands trembled and he was patently nervous.

Both men fired for record and both results were recorded. In first place, topping the detachment, was Sgt. John Conly of Public Relations; at the bottom of the list was Silver Star-holder Pfc. Edward Furr.

Anzio Vets Organize

Deshon General Hospital, Pa.—Local veterans of the fighting on the Anzio beachhead, now patients here, have formed an organization named the Anzio Beachhead Club. The men, whose group is believed to be the first of its kind in this country, are from the Pittsburgh area. They plan to add new members to their organization and, after the war, get together, draft a charter and set the organization up on a permanent basis.

Charter members of the outfit are Pfc. John M. Oswald of Pittsburgh, Pa.; Pvt. John S. Hudosky of Duquesne, Pa.; Pfc. Petro Othop of McKees Rocks, Pa.; Pvt. Albert Batio of Crafton, Pa.; Pfc. Earl Crownover of Saxton, Pa.; Pfc. Roy E. Smith of McKeesport, Pa.; Pvt. John J. Graham of Saxonburg, Pa.; Sgt. William T. Romenchek of New Castle, Pa.; Pfc. Theodore J. Ectlowski of Bainbridge, Md., and S/Sgt. Ephriam A. Alwine of Johnstown, Pa.

AROUND THE CAMPS

AAFTC, Yale University, Conn.—A/C John Geberling, a former civilian student at this university, volunteered to lead a tour of cadets and point out the interesting points of New Haven and environs. After an hour and a half of meandering about the town, A/C Geberling gave up the leadership. He was lost.

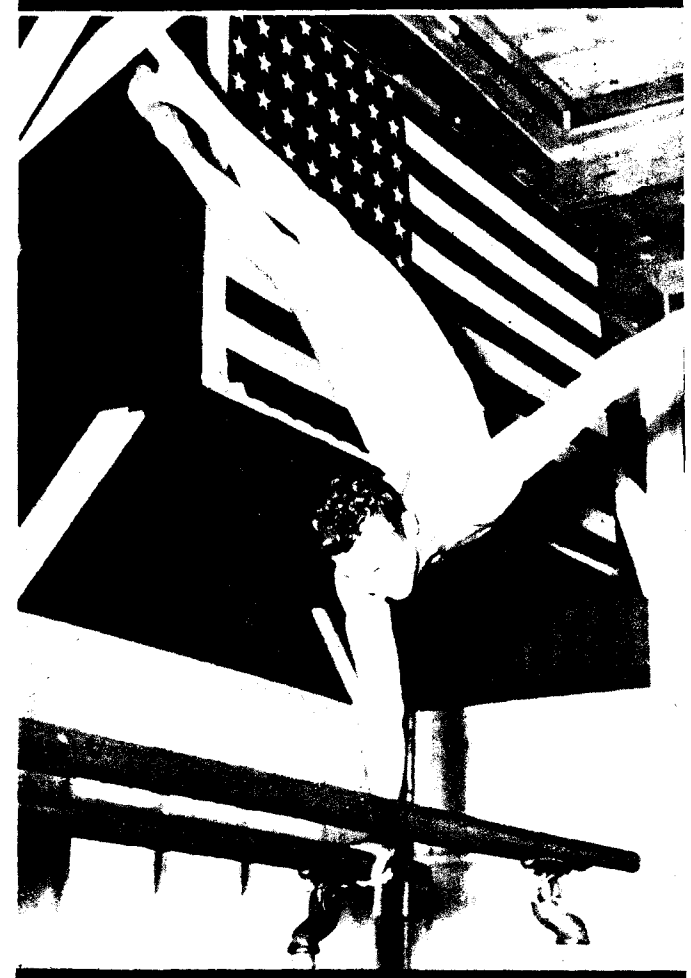
Camp Claiborne, La.—Pvt. Theodore Draper of the 84th Division, a former newspaper writer o European affairs, has just published a book, "The Six Weeks' War," which chronicles the brief period during which France was at war. The *Infantry Journal* called the book "the best military and political analysis of the French defeat available in English."

Daniel Field, Ga.—When Sgt. Sam Silverman, wearing a pair of shorts, drove up to the gate on his way to keep a tennis appointment, a civilian guard stopped him. "Where's your tie?" he demanded of the soldier. "You know you can't leave the post without your tie." Silverman reached to the rear of his car for his tie, wrapped it around his bare neck and then was permitted to leave.

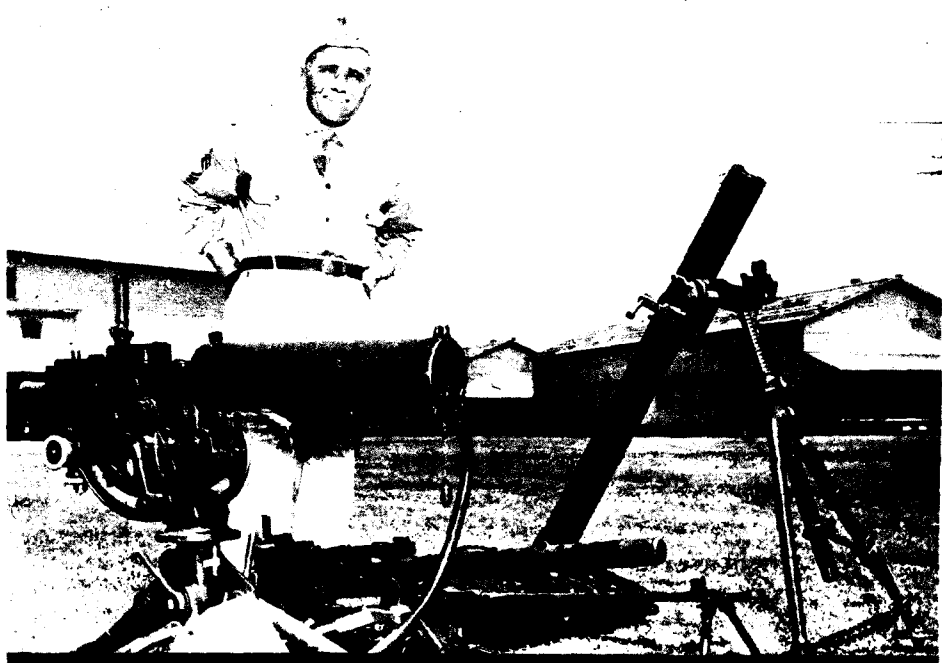
Smoky Hill Army Air Field, Kans.—When M/Sgt. John R. Rage applied for a three-day pass recently, he was asked when he had last taken such a pass. His reply: "This will be my first three-day pass since joining the Army back in 1934."

Fort Leonard Wood, Mo.—As men came dashing out of the gas chamber, their eyes streaming with tears, one man sauntered out casually and seemed completely unaffected. The officers were astounded and unbelieving. They sent the man back several times with the same result. The soldier, Pvt. Bernard P. Lynch, then explained that he couldn't cry because of some unusual development of his tear ducts. A former policeman, he'd been a handy man to have around when tear gas was used to break up riots.

WAVE WINNER. Frances Doyle SK2c has been elected "Miss Air Wave" by her admiring shipmates in a contest held at Floyd Bennett Field, New York.



STAR PERFORMER. In the post sports arena at Sioux Falls Army Air Base, S. Dak., Pvt. John Phegley, one-time circus aerialist, gives himself a lift.



WEAPONS WIZARD. M/Sgt. John (Jazz) Magoni of Fort Benning, Ga., recently copped the Legion of Merit for 24 years as weapons instructor in the Infantry School. He's been assistant to the chief of the Weapons Section since 1940.

SWEET MEMORIES. At Harlingen Army Air Field, Tex., Pfc. Charles R. Saggau, aerial gunnery student shows more than ordinary interest in YANK pin-up Jeanne Crain. Pfc. Saggau acted in several movies with Jeanne in civilian life.

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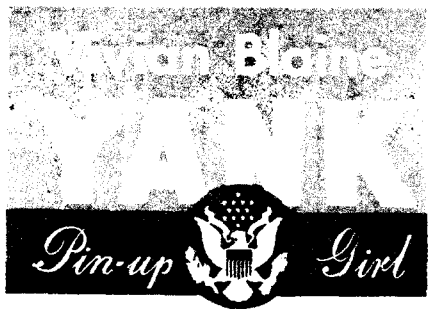

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In Time of "The Breaking of Nations"

I

Only a man harrowing clods
In a slow silent walk
With an old horse that stumbles and nods
Half asleep as they stalk.

II

Only a thin smoke without flame
From the heaps of couch-grass;
Yet this will go onward the same
Though Dynasties pass.

III

Yonder a maid and her wight
Come whispering by:
War's annals will fade into night
Ere their story die.

—THOMAS HARDY

This poem from "The Collected Poems of Thomas Hardy" is reprinted here with the permission of the publishers, the Macmillan Company.

WHY WE FIGHT

It is the fashion nowadays, it seems,
With men who have more time than us for dreams,
To raise great hue and cry on what to do
About the soldiers when our work is through;
To string together many words that show
Just how our scheme of living is to go;
To wrack their brains, work fancy overtime;
To legislate our futures, line by line.
They seek to please by promises of gold
And by this catch the votes—that trick is old
As Caesar. Can't they ever learn
It's not for what small favors we may earn
We fight? It's that we may go home.
We'll do all right; just let our lives alone.

Alaska —Pfc. R. E. LEE

BALLAD FOR BEATING THE CENSOR

I feed my horse bran,
On shipboard I spit a-lee,
Disembarked at ———
And then went to ———.

The girls shun brassieres,
The trees aren't maples;
Took off from ———
And landed in ———.

Now, where to from here?
It's a cinch it's not home—
Not for some months, I fear—
But it's not bad in ———.

And our final spot
(Just take it from Harris)
Is now pretty hot,
But we'll love it in ———.

Italy —Pvt. BURT HARRIS

MAN WITH A GUN

This clever piece, so firm against my cheek,
So finely wrought, so eager to be used,
Means immortality to me. I seek
No more protection from the fates than just
To aim its barrel at the foe and drop
My killers in the dust. To me this gun
Means I am God, in that my hands can stop
A life, or see a mortal justice done.
A pity then, when such a pow'r is mine
To force upon the world my godly will
And rout the alien creeds, that I can find
No man to say, "This God is good," or fill
Its bore with brain and soul so that it might
Judge once the difference between wrong and right.

Camp Butner, N. C. —Sgt. HAROLD APPLEBAUM

DESPONDENT DOGFACE

Three long years, and never a Hun
I've seen or heard or felt;
Three long years, a hitch, I've done
And never a Jap I've smelt.

I've never flopped and shook and sweat
At an MG's rattatat,
Or cut my Spam with a bayonet
And thanked dear God for that.

This life is soft as hell up here,
Though never quite as warm;
The girls are toothless far and near,
But there's teeth in every storm.

While the wild winds scream we sit and dream
Of southern palms and posies.
And after a while we start to scream
And develop psychoneuroses.

I'll prick my frostbit ears and shrug
And shake my ice-caked bones
And take a slug at the next bright mug
Who says: "This is the Army, Jones."

Newfoundland —Sgt. HOWARD E. EVANS

BE NOT IMPATIENT

Be not impatient, oh, my heart,
Wish not for one hour's happiness at cost
Of all the future years.
This day of sunlight, this fair summer day
Shall reproduce itself throughout the many summers
That shall follow on successive years when this one fades.
Yes, there shall be more than a thousand days of happiness
If we have patience in sufficiency to wait for them;
Though there be spendthrift some
Who heap the treasures of their lives in one huge enterprise
That lasts a year, and thereinafter
Live in barren poverty of life,
Let not the brief high luster of their false-gemmed joy
Be blindness to our sense,
Else we may lose more than the coming years
In one brief day.

India —Sgt. CARLYLE A. OBERLE

ISLAND HAPPY

Gee, but I love to see coral,
Gee, but I love to see sea,
Gee, but I love this little isle
And every coconut tree.

Dehydrated food for me,
I hate potatoes you must peel;
I'm crazy over Army Spam
And couldn't live without my veal.

I like to see the movies
Produced when I was born;
Existence would be empty
Without old-fashioned corn.

I want to stay here all my life
'Neath a Melanesian sky,
For I've become what we all call
An "island happy" guy.

South Pacific —Cpl. KENNETH S. DAVIDSON

FURLOUGH FOIBLES

Barmaids who say your jokes are funny
Probably are after your money.

Gals who invite you to their apahtment
May be looking for an allotment.

Gals who like brandy
Are always handy.

And those who drink gin
Most often give in.

With women platonic
GIs are laconic.

On furlough get married;
Return looking harried.

New Guinea —Sgt. JOHN READEY

Message Center

Men asking for letters in this column are all overseas. Write them c/o Message Center, YANK, 205 East 42d Street, New York 17, N. Y. We'll forward your letters. The censor won't let us print the complete addresses.

DAVID T. BAGLEY wishes to hear from his friends in the services. . . . Lt. BERNETT, once at the New Cumberland QM Depot; EDGAR F. MUCHER Y2c, once at Sampson, N. Y.; Sgt. ROBERT WALLET: write Pvt. Eber F. Diehl Jr. . . . FRANK DEL DUCO, ALBERT C. GRELLE, ROBERT GRIFFIN, JOSEPH I. LEVIN (The Little General), WILLIAM MERRICK, all formerly in basic training at Miami Beach, Flt. 222, 1138th TSS: write Cpl. Henry C. W. Jung. . . . Pvt. MANUEL F. SALAZAR wishes to hear from his friends who were formerly at CAMP ROBINSON, ARK. . . . J. AUGER JR. RM2c, New Guinea; Pfc. JACK CANGIGLERE of Highland Falls, N. Y.; T. P. GORRY AMM3c, last heard of in Oklahoma; Cpl. JOE HUMPHREY of Highland Falls; A/C J. J. KWEDERIS, last heard of in Tennessee; Pfc. R. LEWIS, last heard of in Australia; Pvt. DAN MCLANE, once in New Guinea, and anyone from HIGHLAND FALLS, N. Y., now in New Guinea or Australia: write R. K. Saulpaugh. . . . Graduates of THOMAS JEFFERSON HIGH SCHOOL, BROOKLYN, JUNE 1940: write Pvt. Murray Sitzer. . . . GIs in TECHNICAL SCHOOL, SQ. 606, BKS. 910, SIOUX FALLS, S. DAK.: write S/Sgt. Frank T. Trentacosta. . . . GILBERT ALLEN, last heard of in the Hawaiian Is.: write Joe Serrano. . . . Pvt. GEORGE V. BANDISON of Pinckneyville, Ill., once at Gulfport Field, Miss.: write Pvt. Herbert F. Kuhl. . . . Sgt. JIM BERCOS, in the 551st Sig. Bn.: write Pvt. Michael Ferrara. . . . Capt. CHARLES C. CLAYTON, last heard of at Fort Knox: write Cpl. J. C. Blackford. . . . Pvt. JAMES E. COOK: write Pvt. Clarence Lee. . . . DON DELLINS of Shakopee, Minn.: write Cpl. Marvin P. Stoffel. . . . EDGAR (IGGIE) E. EDMUNDS of Alabama, who lived in Chicago: write Pvt. R. J. Bitterli. . . . BAYARD S. FORSTER of Garrison, N. Y.: write Sgt. James A. Griswold. . . . Cpl. EDDIE GALVIN of Dorchester, Mass., in the Paratroops: write Pvt. Larry P. Sweeney. . . . Pfc. FLOYD HATCHER, last heard of in Texas: write Pfc. R. D. Lyons. . . . THOMAS MCLAUGHTON, once at Carlisle Bks., Pa., later in Hawaii: write T-4 Eugene C. Allen. . . . Pvt. MIKE MAGEE, last heard of in Atlantic City, N. J.: write Sgt. B. H. Stiles. . . . M/Sgt. NICOSCIN, once in the 13th Engrs., Hq. Co.: write Pvt. Edward P. Herliks. . . . T-5 JOHN (RIP) O'DEA, once at Aberdeen, Md.: write Pvt. M. Coppernoll. . . . Lt. JOSEPH PEREIRA, once in the 424th Sig. Co.: write Lt. Robert O. Duport. . . . STANLEY RUMSEY of Ithaca, N. Y.: write Cpl. Larry Hull. . . . Cpl. AUGUST RODOLO, formerly at Lowry Field: write Pfc. J. H. Clayton. . . . Cpl. THOMAS SKILLERN, at FA School, Fort Sill, 1941: write Lt. W. L. Dennard. . . . Pvt. BERNARD STELZER: write Sgt. William H. Kopf. . . . JAMES STUART of Delaware, last heard of at Sheppard Field: write Cpl. A. J. Traenkner. . . . HAROLD THOMAS of Sharon, Pa., formerly at Westover Field, Mass.: write Pfc. William N. Seibel. . . . JACK THOMPSON, with the 532d Amphib. Engrs.: write Pvt. Raymond Murphey. . . . Cpl. MURRAY M. TOPPEL: write your brother, Bernard Toppel MM3c. . . . ROBERT TRIBBLE of Atlanta, Ga.: write Pvt. Roger T. Sandow. . . . Sgt. BOB WALLEY, in the Medical Corps in Africa: write Billy West EM3c. . . . LENDSAY LEE WATSON Stm1c, last heard of in the South Pacific: write John Harvey Allen Std2c. . . . Sgt. JAMES A. WOOD, last heard of in Alamagordo, N. Mex.: write Pfc. Jim J. Kuel. . . . LEONARD VAUGHN, last heard of at APO 32: write Sgt. Freddie E. Frazier. . . . RALPH YOUNG of Randolph, Mass.: write Cpl. John J. Sullivan. . . . Pvt. WINIFELD SCOTT YOUNG of Erie, Pa., last heard of at Jefferson Bks., Mo.: write Pfc. Robert J. Byrne. . . . BUCK SHARP, USMC: write Pvt. W. W. Sharp. . . . M/Sgt. JAKE V. STEWART, Headquarters, 404th Fighter-Bomber Group: write S/Sgt. John M. Steinwinder.

SHOULDER PATCH EXCHANGE. A list of shoulder-patch collectors' names will be sent to you if you write *Shoulder Patch Exchange*, YANK, 205 East 42d Street, New York 17, N. Y. Specify whether you want your name added to the list.

SHE was born in Newark, N. J., and she went to six different elementary schools and a high school, too, but nothing she learned could break her of the habit of singing out loud. So Vivian Blaine hooked up with an orchestra and chirped until the movies grabbed her. Her latest picture for 20th Century-Fox is "Something for the Boys."

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PX

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The Social Drunk

I SPENT last week end in one of Los Angeles' nicer bars. I knew it was a classy place because the floors were slanted so the blood would roll down. And, as I explained to the MPs, I was there on business.

You see, I was conducting a scientific poll—an analysis of the pests who bother GIs. That's what I told the MPs, even as they locked me in the drunk tank.

Discharge Joe is first among the barroom pests. Joe is a man of conscience. Since I'm in uniform and he isn't, he feels it's his patriotic duty to make explanations. Honest, I don't give a damn.

"I sure wish I was back in the Army," he says.

"Yup," I say, turning my back on him cordially.

"I just got out six months ago after 27 months with the Infantry. I was injured in Georgia when a fragment from a bar of GI soap got on my left ear and burnt a quarter-inch hole in it. I wish I was strong and healthy like you."

"Yup," I say noncommittally, eyeing his big bronzed muscular shoulders.

He knocks off his drink.

"Yes, sir, I sure wish I was back in uniform," he says. He staggers out the door.

Discharge Joe is hardly out of earshot when Benevolent Harry enters.

Harry notices that I have been nursing my drink, as I always do around the middle of the month, and he starts: "Whassa matter, soldier? Not drinking?"

I explain in very simple terms about us soldiers: pay day and the middle of the month.

He jumps. Here is Harry's chance to be a boy scout.

"Give him anything he wants," he tells the bartender.

I order a double shot.

But Harry wants conversation for his money. At least he wants a good ear.

"I like to do everything I can for the boys in service," is his approach. "I have 43 nephews in this thing and I know how tough you boys must have it because I once spent a summer with a circus. Got a letter from one of my nephews just today; he's stationed at Ruptured Kidney, Ga., and he says that things are so bad down there——."

I doze off at this and I go completely to sleep when he starts mapping strategy for the rest of the war.

I come to with a start some time later when I hear something that sounds like "What's yours, Mac?" but it turns out to be only a guy sneezing. Harry is gone.

I see I can't nurse my drink any longer, so I shout to the bartender: "Bourbon and soda." I look around, but nobody reaches for his wallet. I pay.

This is where I make my mistake. A lush, slinky blonde immediately makes for the stool next to mine. She is tall and willowy, with big round eyes and a mouth that is ripe for love.

She flutters her eyes at me, and I make with my favorite ice breaker: "Do you come to this air-raid shelter often?"

"Oh, no. In fact this is the first time I've ever been here." She turns to the bartender. "I'll have a Double Special Pink New Yorker Lady Sloe Gin Fizz, Al."

"Ninety cents," says the bartender, looking at me.

We get along swimmingly for another half hour and three Double Special Pink New Yorker Lady Sloe Gin fizzes, when I hear her say: "George! Where have you been? I've been waiting for you for hours."

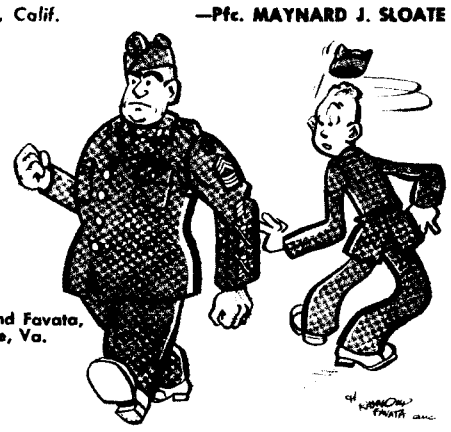
I whirl around in my chair and am blinded by a shining gold bar on George's shoulder. But I regain my composure in time to see the blond bomber ankle out the door as if riveted to his arm.

I forget the investigation long enough to have four or five shots from a friendly soldier's bottle, and subsequently run into the aforementioned MPs.

I am happy to report that there are no conversational civilians in guardhouses.

Camp Haan, Calif. —Pfc. MAYNARD J. SLOATE

"I like to do everything I can for the boys in the service..."



—Cpl. Raymond Favata, Camp Lee, Va.

MAUD, MORT, MERDE

'Tis man's enjoyment man to kill;
Many men against their will
  Were forced to shriek their last alack
  As twisty wheel and groaning rack
Did free the spirit volatile.

Men were often gently pressed
Within the Iron Maiden's breast.
  They fed them there with Paris green
  And washed them off with gasoline;
The flames did clean up all the rest.

But man to man I'll soon confess,
Although with women I'm obsessed,
  The sex called male is much more human
  Than is the so-called sex of woman.
'Tis not because I am repressed.

Now Mabel, Dorothy or Gail
Is crueler far than any male.
  Forceps, pincers, the fiery stake
  Are simpler tortures for men to take
Than passion old and passion stale.

And if you think that I malign,
Observe her movement gelatine.
  Her skin is fair, her glances free,
  But still that fruit is not for thee;
The other guy is on the brine.

She knows the torture congruent;
Now blood runs high, now passion spent.
  To every man his own receipt;
  Delight the wight with sweet conceit
But to the gent be violent.

By God, those doxies make you pay,
Or in the heart or in the hay.
  And if you would these ardors please,
  Your legs become parentheses;
Your bones will soon decay.

So dunk me in some strong concrete
And drop me in the river sweet.
  You'd think that I'd have learned my lesson;
  Another blonde has got me guessing.
I think that I'll repeat:
Please prepare the winding sheet.

Keesler Field, Miss. —Cpl. HOWARD M. ROSENFELD

"They want to be with him every possible minute of the time they're here."
—Pvt. Charles Cartwright, Fort Leonard Wood, Mo.

MY FAVORITE PATIENT

"Ward boy!" he shouts (I'm his personal maid),
  And his voice is annoyingly firm;
He's a tyrant accustomed to being obeyed,
  And he gloatingly watches me squirm.

His is the cry that revulsively near
  I must heed in my subjugate state—
Slave to those pills with a pain in his ear
  Who is green from some pickles he ate.

It's never the boy with the real Purple Heart
  Who's demanding his pie with ice cream;
It is always this desk-calloused little upstart
  Who comes out with that insistent scream.

Simon Legree with his whip and his hounds
  I'd forgive and invite to have tea,
Only I wish I could fight twenty rounds
  With this guy who shouts "Ward boy!" at me.

Cushing General Hospital, Mass. —Sgt. JAMES RICE

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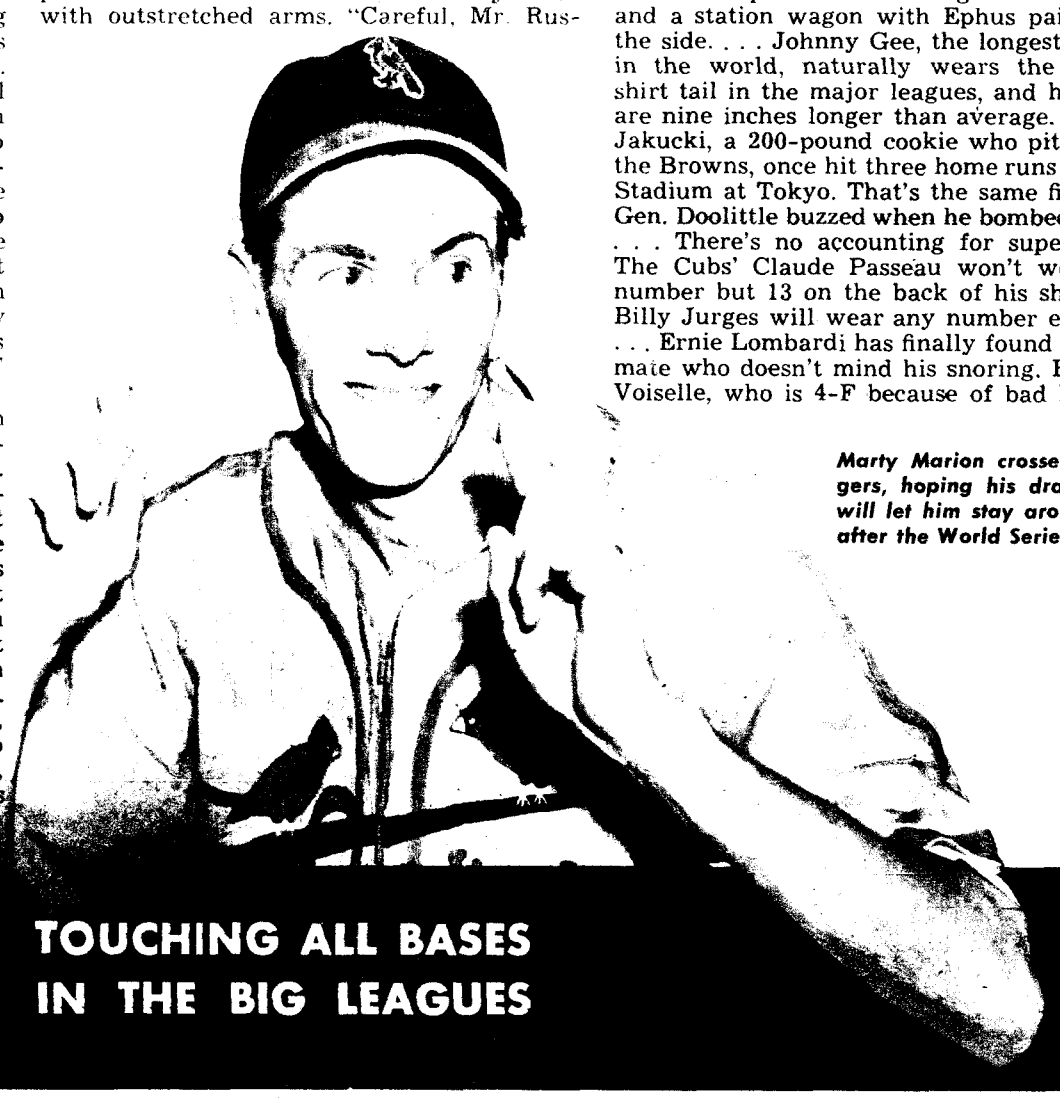
SPORTS: TOUCHING ALL BASES IN THE BIG LEAGUES

By Sgt. DAN POLIER

BASEBALL G-2. This is the scout report that the Dodgers got on Pete Gray, Memphis' fabulous one-arm outfielder: "Buy him. He can play in the National League." . . . The unnamed big-league club that bid $20,000 for Clem Dreisewerd, the Sacramento pitching ace, was the Boston Red Sox. . . . The guys who should know say Leo Durocher's handling of young players this season has been remarkably bad and that is the big reason the Dodgers are running a smacking last place. . . . If Jim Farley still wants to buy the Yankees after the war, he will have to outbid Lt. Col. Larry MacPhail, who has plenty of backing from Capt. Dan Topping, the millionaire marine. . . . The rumor that Bill McKechnie is on his way out at Cincinnati because owner Powel Crosley Jr. doesn't wish to be identified with a loser has everybody guessing. All the good Deacon has done is to finish in the first division for six straight years, win two pennants and a World Series championship. . . . The Cleveland front office is hopping mad because outfielder Roy Cullenbine griped aloud that the Indians would always be a lousy ball club as long as they played in Cleveland Stadium. Cullenbine complained that the fences were so far away that everybody was suffering from eyestrain. . . . Baseball players say Dutch Leonard of the Senators would never get by in the big leagues if he didn't have a knuckle ball. His other stuff, supposedly, is only ordinary. . . . Pfc. Bill Veeck, the phenomenally successful Milwaukee owner, is slated to succeed Jim Gallagher as general manager of the Chicago Cubs after the war. . . . Give Cousin Ed Barrow an assist if Frankie Crosetti hustles the Yankees to another pennant. A few years ago when Phil Rizzuto crowded Crosetti to the bench, Washington tried to buy Crosetti, but Barrow wouldn't sell. "I don't care how much they offer," Barrow said. "Nobody can buy Crosetti. He stays with the Yankees as long as I have anything to do with running them."

One-Minute Biography. Marty (Slats) Marion of the St. Louis Cardinals, the best shortstop in the National League in 20 years. . . . Billy Southworth calls him "Mr. Shortstop" and regards him as the Cards' most valuable player. . . . Marion is lucky to be playing baseball at all. When he was 12 years old, he tumbled off a 20-foot embankment and shattered his right thigh. It took an operation, seven months in a plaster cast that covered him from chest to toes and a year on crutches before he was able to walk again. . . . Washington had first crack at Marty and, remarkably, lost him. One day he went to Chattanooga, where his brother was playing, and worked out for scout Joe Engel. He was signed on the spot. The contract lasted only a few days. Marty asked Cal Griffith to give him some passes for his friends and Griff refused. Mr. Shortstop got mad, obtained his release and signed with the Cardinals instead. . . . In 1942 he threatened to quit baseball and become a draftsman because his batting average slumped to a ridiculously low .120. Southworth encouraged him to try different batting stances each day, and he finally started hitting again. . . . On the field Marion is nervous and never stays still a minute. Every time a St. Louis pitcher starts to wind up he reaches for the ground with the fingers of his throwing hand or taps the soil gently with the toes of his right foot. Once in a while he picks up a pebble and tosses it aside. . . . Dixie Walker says he doesn't even attempt to get a grounder by Marty any more. . . . Marty's greatest thrill came in the 1942 series when he picked Joe Gordon off second base in the final game. There was no signal on the play, and he had never pulled it before. Cooper just snapped the ball down and Marty was on top of the bag to make the tag. Since then he has worked the same play to pick off 30 men. This year he tagged out Jim Russell of the Pirates three times, and Frankie Frisch got so mad he almost exploded. "Please, Mr. Russell," Frisch pleaded with outstretched arms. "Careful, Mr. Russell." . . . Marty himself has been tagged by the Army but probably won't be inducted until after the Series.



Marty Marion crosses his fingers, hoping his draft board will let him stay around until after the World Series is over.

Small Notes About Big Guys. Mel Ott is running around on a pair of legs that would make some of the young players yell murder. They are full of knots. . . . The Dodgers call their new second baseman, Ed Stanky, Little Rowdy because he is so aggressive. The Yankees call Hank Borowy the Ghost. Bill Nicholson, the big home-run guy of the Cubs, is called Swish because he has a habit of waving his bat in practice swings while the pitcher is getting ready to deliver the ball. . . . Babe Herman, who at 44 is still going strong in the Pacific Coast League, uses three different bats during a game—one for hitting the ball into leftfield, another for drives through the box and still another for pulling the ball. . . . Phil Weintraub, the Giant slugger, was originally an outfielder and not a very good one. Even his mother, who knew nothing about baseball, advised him to quit playing and go into the butcher business. . . . Augie Galan of the Dodgers has a crippled right arm and can't raise it high enough to shave with. . . . Smallest feet in baseball belong to Myril Hoag, who wears a size 4½ shoe. . . . Rip Sewell has a dog named Blooper and a station wagon with Ephus painted on the side. . . . Johnny Gee, the longest pitcher in the world, naturally wears the longest shirt tail in the major leagues, and his pants are nine inches longer than average. . . . Sig Jakucki, a 200-pound cookie who pitches for the Browns, once hit three home runs in Meiji Stadium at Tokyo. That's the same field that Gen. Doolittle buzzed when he bombed Japan. . . . There's no accounting for superstition. The Cubs' Claude Passeau won't wear any number but 13 on the back of his shirt, and Billy Jurges will wear any number except 7. . . . Ernie Lombardi has finally found a roommate who doesn't mind his snoring. He's Bill Voiselle, who is 4-F because of bad hearing.

JONES IN NORMANDY. Lt. Col. Bobby Jones, famous golf champion from Atlanta, Ga., takes his turn in the chow line at an Eighth Air Force base in France, where he serves as a G-2 officer.

SPORTS SERVICE RECORD

HERE'S the way that terrific cross-country pitching rivalry between **Virgil Trucks** of Great Lakes and **Johnny Vander Meer** of Sampson now stands: Trucks has an earned run average of 0.73 and has struck out batters at the rate of 1.43 per inning, while Vander Meer has a 1.39 earned-run average and has fanned 55 men in 45 innings. . . . The recently popular song, "Coming In on a Wing and a Prayer," was inspired by **Sonny Bragg**, ex-Duke footballer, who wrote a letter describing an air battle in North Africa and commented: "We came home on an engine and a prayer." . . . **Phil Marchildon**, the Canadian who used to pitch for the Athletics, is an RCAF tail-gunner in England. . . . **Col. Bob Neyland**, former Tennessee football coach, told a bunch of GIs in India that **Beattie Feathers** was the best back he ever coached and **Herman Hickman** was the top lineman. . . . **Sgt. Bob Carpenter**, Phillies' new owner, and **Sgt. Bob Carpenter**, Giant pitcher, must be opening each other's mail at Camp Grant, Ill. . . . One of the first Marine officers ashore on bloody Saipan was **Lt. Col. Pat Hanley**, ex-Boston U football coach, who previously saw action on Guadalcanal. . . . **Pvt. Beau Jack**, who was deferred for such a long time because of illiteracy, has just been promoted to the second grade in the Special Training Unit at Fort Benning, Ga.

Decorated: **Lt. Cmdr. Slade Cutter**, Navy's All-American center of 1934, with the Navy Cross and two Gold Stars for sinking 18 Jap ships as submarine commander in the South Pacific. . . . *Promoted:* **Pvt. Howard Krist**, former St. Louis Cardinal pitcher, to corporal at Camp Croft, S. C. . . . *Discharged:* **Sgt. Tommy Loughran**, former light-heavyweight champ, from the Marines because of overage (he's 41).

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"YOU REALIZE, LUDLOW, THIS GOES ON YOUR SERVICE RECORD."
—Sgt. Al Jaffee

"WHAT'S SO FUNNY ABOUT THIS SAD SACK CARTOON!"
—Sgt. Syd Landi

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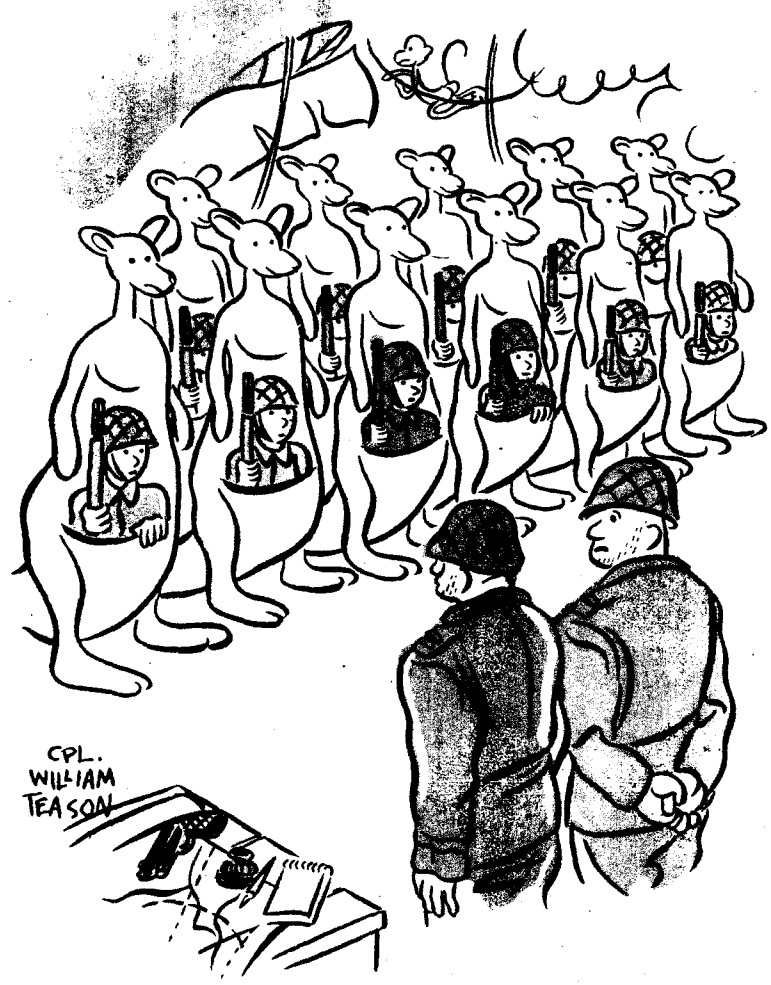
THE ARMY WEEKLY

"THANKS FOR THE PROMOTION, SIR, BUT DON'T EXPECT MIRACLES."
—Sgt. Bob Gallivan



"ALL RIGHT, MEN, YOU ALL HAVE YOUR INSTRUCTIONS."
—Cpl. William Teason

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